

ATLANTA GA. SUNDAY MORNING JUNE 6, 1897.

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PAGES.
VOL XXIX

The kind that
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The
BASEMENT.

We Must Have Room!

will make June a Great Bargain Month. In face of the fact of Increasing Prices in every Market, here we are Lowering them, and present to the people now Values Un-
excelled---BARGAINS THAT MAY NEVER BE KNOWN AGAIN.

Bicycles.
We have succeeded in getting 100 Wheels that are worth \$60. Samples will be on display Monday. Orders will be taken and delivered the latter part of this week. To introduce this Wheel the price will be \$35.00. We have one of the most reliable makers in the world back of us, and with "High's Guarantee" you run no risk. The chance of the year. Astonishing value. A call proves our claim. Write for descriptive circular if you can't come.

Our Mr. L. B. Joel, who is now in New York, telegraphs us as follows: "Have made ENORMOUS PURCHASE of Summer Goods at ridiculous prices. Bought them for a song. You will need room." And in accordance with his telegram we will, on Monday morning, beginning at 8 o'clock, throw our immense stock to the buyers of Atlanta at **ACTUAL COST.** We must have room. Prices and prices only will do the work. This sale will afford the people of the city and country in general a chance to buy goods cheaper than they have ever been sold. We mention a few of the thousand items we will almost give away. Come prepared to buy. An opportunity of a life-time:

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| Printed Foulard Silks now.....25c | 50c Silk Hose Supporters, with Belt, Ladies' size.....25c |
| Printed Silks (Cheney's) now.....69c | 35c Leather Card Case and Purse combined.....10c |
| Printed Foulard Silks now.....49c | 35c real bristle, solid back Hair Brushes.....19c |
| Black Brocade India Silks now.....49c | 10c Pearl Dress Buttons, big lot, at.....5c |
| Black Brocade Mohair Dress Goods.....47c | 25c Russet and Ox Blood Shoe Dressing.....10c |
| Black Canvas Tailor Dress Suits.....57c | \$6.00 Patent Leather Gents' Shoes at.....\$2.95 |
| Black D 60 Henrietta Dress Goods.....50c | \$3.50 Dongola, Tan and Ox Blood Ladies' Shoes at.....\$2.50 |
| Black Novelty Skirt Patterns now.....\$3.50 | \$2.50 Satin Calf Southern Tie Shoes, for men.....\$1.25 |
| Ladies' Embroidered Handkerchiefs.....83c | \$2.00 Satin Calf Boys' Lace Shoes.....\$1.25 |
| Ladies' Embroidered Handkerchiefs at 9c | \$2.50 Kid, Tan and Ox Blood Ladies' Shoes.....\$1.48 |
| Ladies' Fast Black Lisle Hose.....25c | \$1.00 White, Pink and Light Blue Infants' Slippers.....49c |
| Ladies' Fast Black Lisle Hose.....15c | \$4.50 Vici Kid, Low Quartered Men's Shoes.....\$2.50 |
| Children's Black Ribbed Hose.....15c | \$5.00 Hand Sewed Calf Gents' Shoes at.....\$3.50 |
| Children's Black and Tan Hose.....7c | \$3.00 Ladies' Tan, Kid and Ox Blood Oxford shoes.....\$2.00 |
| Gents' All Silk Band Bows.....7c | 7 1/2c Yard Wide Bleached Domestic.....10c |
| Gents' All Silk Club Ties.....7c | 12 1/2c Lonsdale Cambric at.....10c |
| Unfinished Shirts, splendid value.....50c | 15c Extra Heavy Quality Bed Ticking.....10c |
| Gents' Negligee Percal Shirts.....33c | 25c Utica 10-4 Bleached Sheet.....21c |
| Gents' Colored Balbriggan Underwear.....23c | 6c Striped Batiste Wash Goods.....5c |
| Gents' Bleached Jeans Drawers, large.....49c | 6 1/2c Figured Dress Indigo Blue Prints.....5c |
| Low Neck Sleeveless Ladies' Vests.....10c | 7 1/2c Figured Lawns and Dimities, now.....5c |
| Neck Fitting Ladies' Vests.....2c | 10c 40-inch Figured Batiste Wash Goods.....6c |
| Night Robes, Gents', Silk Embroidered.....49c | 12 1/2c Figured Lappet Mulls now.....7c |
| Time Imported Novelty Woolen Suits.....\$10 | 10c Dresden Linen Wash Suits.....10c |
| Imported Novelty Woolen Suits.....\$7.50 | 19c Check Duck and Bicycle Suits.....8c |
| Now Made Suits and Costume.....75c | 12 1/2c New Organdie Raye Wash Goods.....11c |
| Now Made Suits and Costume.....75c | 15c White Victoria Lawn.....9c |
| Now Made Suits and Costume.....75c | 19c White Imperial Long Cloth.....10c |
| Now Made Suits and Costume.....75c | 12 1/2c White India Linens now.....49c |
| Now Made Suits and Costume.....75c | 75c Long Fold 68-inch White Organdie.....\$1.00 |
| Now Made Suits and Costume.....75c | \$1.50 Hemmed White Counterpanes.....75c |
| Now Made Suits and Costume.....75c | \$1.00 White Hemmed Counterpanes.....39c |
| Now Made Suits and Costume.....75c | 50c Half Bleached Table Damask.....50c |
| Now Made Suits and Costume.....75c | 75c Full Bleached Table Damask.....39c |
| Now Made Suits and Costume.....75c | 50c Turkey Red Table Towels.....14c |
| Now Made Suits and Costume.....75c | 20c Hemmed Huck Linen Towels.....25c |
| Now Made Suits and Costume.....75c | 35c Knotted Fringe Damask Towels.....10c |
| Now Made Suits and Costume.....75c | 19c Turkish Bath Towels now.....12c |
| Now Made Suits and Costume.....75c | 19c Dotted Curtain Swiss at.....10c |
| Now Made Suits and Costume.....75c | 15c 40-inch Apron Lawns at.....5c |
| Now Made Suits and Costume.....75c | 8 1/2c Check Nainsooks, white.....79c |
| Now Made Suits and Costume.....75c | \$1.50 Night Gowns, for ladies.....98c |
| Now Made Suits and Costume.....75c | \$2.00 Cambric and Muslin Night Gowns.....49c |
| Now Made Suits and Costume.....75c | 75c Ventilating Corsets.....75c |
| Now Made Suits and Costume.....75c | \$1.00 Corsets, standard best makes.....\$3.00 |
| Now Made Suits and Costume.....75c | \$6.00 Fancy Silk Shirt Waists.....\$5.00 |
| Now Made Suits and Costume.....75c | \$7.50 Fancy Check Silk Shirt Waists.....\$4.69 |
| Now Made Suits and Costume.....75c | \$7.00 Glace Taffeta Silk Shirt Waists.....98c |
| Now Made Suits and Costume.....75c | \$2.00 Fine Figured Dimity Shirt Waists.....73c |
| Now Made Suits and Costume.....75c | \$1.25 Figured Lawn and Dimity Shirt Waists.....73c |
| Now Made Suits and Costume.....75c | 75c and 85c Figured Lawn Shirt Waists.....50c |
| Now Made Suits and Costume.....75c | \$12.50 Serge, tailor made, Ladies' Suits.....\$7.50 |
| Now Made Suits and Costume.....75c | \$15 Tailor Made Ladies' Serge Suits.....\$8.90 |
| Now Made Suits and Costume.....75c | \$20 Tailor Made Ladies' Serge Suits.....\$12.50 |
| Now Made Suits and Costume.....75c | \$25 Figured Dimity Wrappers now.....\$1.50 |
| Now Made Suits and Costume.....75c | \$2.50 Figured Dimity Wrappers, good style.....\$1.19 |
| Now Made Suits and Costume.....75c | \$2.00 Lawn Wrappers, good style.....50c |
| Now Made Suits and Costume.....75c | \$1.00 Percal House Wrappers.....98c |
| Now Made Suits and Costume.....75c | \$1.75 Children's Figured Lawn Dresses.....\$7.50 |
| Now Made Suits and Costume.....75c | \$12.00 All Wool Check Skirts.....\$2.50 |
| Now Made Suits and Costume.....75c | \$5.00 All Wool Check Skirts.....98c |
| Now Made Suits and Costume.....75c | \$1.35 Axminster Carpets, made, laid and lined.....98c |
| Now Made Suits and Costume.....75c | \$1.25 Fine Body Brussels Carpets now.....75c |
| Now Made Suits and Costume.....75c | \$1.00 Brussels Carpets, extra good value.....53c |
| Now Made Suits and Costume.....75c | 75c All Wool Ingrain Carpets now.....58c |
| Now Made Suits and Costume.....75c | 85c All Wool Extra Heavy Ingrain Carpets.....40c |
| Now Made Suits and Costume.....75c | 60c Half Wool Ingrain Carpets now.....25c |
| Now Made Suits and Costume.....75c | 40c Fancy Japanese Inlaid Matting.....17c |
| Now Made Suits and Costume.....75c | 30c Linen Warp Japanese Matting.....15c |
| Now Made Suits and Costume.....75c | 25c Fancy China Matting, weight.....11c |
| Now Made Suits and Costume.....75c | 20c Fancy China Matting, good style.....\$2.50 |
| Now Made Suits and Costume.....75c | \$4.00 Size Smyrna Rugs now at only.....\$1.50 |
| Now Made Suits and Costume.....75c | \$4.50 Japanese Goat Skin Rugs at.....\$2.98 |
| Now Made Suits and Costume.....75c | \$4.50 Fine Lace Curtains, odd lots.....\$1.48 |
| Now Made Suits and Costume.....75c | \$2.50 Nottingham Lace Curtains now.....50c |
| Now Made Suits and Costume.....75c | 75c Linen Window Shades, put up now for.....\$1.50 |
| Now Made Suits and Costume.....75c | \$2.50 Mosquito Nets, put up now for.....\$1.50 |
| Now Made Suits and Costume.....75c | Awnings all Prices. Cheapest and Best. |

Dinner Sets.
\$5,000 invested in this department. This is entirely too much and to reduce the stock deep cuts will be made this week. Maddock's Royal Porcelain Dinner Sets, real French China finish, 114 pieces, worth \$15.00, special at \$9.75 set. English Porcelain Sets, 112 pieces, a decoration that will please everybody, worth \$22.50, reduced to \$15.00. Haviland China Dinner Sets, 113 pieces, choice of 10 new shapes, latest novelties, sets that are worth \$47.50 reduced this week to \$29.08.

Silver Plated Ware.
Choice of 35 pieces, Quadruple plate, consisting of Tea Pots, Sugar Creams, Pickle Dishes, Butter Dishes, etc., worth up to \$2.50, choice at 98c each.

Toilet Sets.
We own the largest assortment ever seen in Atlanta. We can always duplicate broken pieces. 12 piece Toilet Sets, neat decorations, worth \$5.00, at \$3.98 set. 10 piece Sets, new shape, gold stippled, worth \$5, at \$3.50 set. Decorated Bowls and Pitchers, worth \$1.50, at 98c each.

The Wonder Ice Cream Freezer.
We have sold 200 this season, and every one admits that they are the quickest and best ever sold in Atlanta. If you wish we will sell you one on trial, and if it don't give entire satisfaction your money will be refunded.

Quaker Crimped Crust Bread Pans.
A few left, were first sold at 40c, reduced now to 19c each.

All Night Lamps.
No smoke, no odor. Indispensable in the sick room, nursery, bath room, hall and any place where a small light is required; brass or nickel plate, complete with reflector at 25c each.

Oil Stoves.
Last season we had some trouble with stoves that smoked; we have at last one that we can safely guarantee to please you in every respect. One Burner.....50c Two Burner.....\$1.00

Hammocks.
The first lot we had we returned to the factory, and money refunded on all we sold. We have now a line that we know are strong, durable and cheap. SPECIAL—An extra large size with deep valance, steel stretcher and large pillow, worth \$2.25, Monday at \$1.50 each. Several Extra Fine Hammocks, samples, one only of a kind at less than cost.

SPECIALS.
1/2 gal. Water Pitchers.....10c each. Large Fruit Bowls.....10c each. Large Glass Cake Plates.....10c each. China Cups and Saucers.....50c set. Decorated Porcelain Cups and Saucers.....50c set. Glass Lemon Squeezers.....5c each. Gem Ice Shaver.....50c each. Alarm Clocks.....60c each. Steel Enameled Slop Buckets.....40c each. Steel Enameled Preserve Kettles.....40c each. Tin Toilet Sets.....\$1.00 set. Decorated Lamps, 10 inch shades, 10 each.....\$1.19 each. Ice Cream Sets, 13 pieces, worth \$4.00.....\$2.49 set. 50 Piece Tea Set, \$7.50 value, worth \$5.98 set. Banquet Lamps at less than actual cost. Onyx Tables.....\$3.98 each.

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| 150 doz. Ladies' Gauze Vests, each..... | 2C |
| 1,000 Spools Embroidery Silk, each..... | 2C |
| 50 doz. Gents' Unlaundered Shirts, each..... | 19C |
| 50 doz. Gents' Laundered Shirts, \$1.00 quality, each..... | 39C |
| 100 doz. Ladies' seamless black Hose, pair..... | 5C |
| 50 doz. Ladies' Fancy Handkerchiefs, each..... | 1C |
| 25 doz. Scriven Patent Drawers, each..... | 59C |
| 50 doz. Gents' 75c Balbriggan Undershirts, each..... | 19C |
| 1,000 Cakes Castile Soap, each..... | 1C |
| 500 Fine Gloria Umbrellas, worth 98c, each..... | 49C |
| 250 doz. all linen Towels, worth 25c, each..... | 10C |
| 200 doz. Gents' 50c quality Suspenders, pair..... | 15C |
| 100 doz. Boys' white laundered Shirts, 75c value, each..... | 25C |
| 50 doz. Pretty Silk Windsors, 25c quality, each..... | 10C |
| 50 doz. nice, Stylish Four-in-hands, each..... | 5C |

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| 2 cases 40-in. White Lawn, 10c quality, yard..... | 37C |
| 2 cases Fruit of the Loom, yard..... | 5C |
| 5 bales 4-4 Brown Homespun, 7c quality, yard..... | 34C |
| 100 Ladies' Shirt Waists, all sizes..... | 10C |
| 150 Ladies' Shirt Waists, with laundered white collars..... | 39C |
| 1 Lot Remnant Table Linens, 21-2 and 3 yard lengths, worth from 75c to \$1 yd, at 20 pieces Lace Scrim..... | 85C |
| 15 pieces Fancy Mohair Sicilian, worth 69c, at..... | 37C |
| 10 pieces Black Imperial Serge, 50c quality, at..... | 19C |
| All wool Diagonal Serge, 50 inches wide, worth 75c, Monday only..... | 25C |
| 50 pieces Fancy China Silk..... | 39C |
| 20 pieces new, pretty Foulard Silk..... | 15C |
| Special, 500 pairs Misses' black and tan ribbed Hose, pr..... | 39C |
| Special, one lot Embroidery, worth 5c and 10c yard, at..... | 6C |
| | 3 1/2C |

Come prepared to buy Monday and every day next week. We will paralyze our competitors with our prices. We will sell you for the cash. Cash is what we want. The biggest values in Dry Goods ever sold over the counters of Atlanta. We mean every word we write. Come and investigate.

Bass Dry Goods Co.

Wholesale, Retail,
34 S. Pryor Street. 37 Whitehall Street.

J.M. High & Co.,

The Regulators and Controllers of Low Prices.

Forrest High,
HIGH'S BASEMENT.

ONE MAN AT WAR WITH WHOLE NATION

Abel Kruger Turns Vengeance on Tribe of Basutus.

HAD MASSACRED HIS FAMILY
He Has Fought Until His Vow Has Almost Been Fulfilled.

HIS RECORD IS NEARLY 1,000 WARRIORS
He Is a Cousin of President Oom Paul and Is a Wonderful Fighter.

In these days, when the stalwart, unflinching figure of the Boer crowds the broad canvas of South Africa, it is of interest to encounter a true story of heroism from the early annals of the Orange Free State. Such a story is that of Abel Kruger, whose marvelous exploits can be favorably compared with those of Horatius Coccus or the victors of Thermopylae.

The facts about Abel Kruger I learned during my stay in South Africa, from the lips of Mr. Laughlin Kelly, of Bloemfontein, Orange Free State, members of whose family were companions in arms of the gallant Boer. Kruger was a near relative of President Paul Kruger, of the Transvaal—the famous "Oom Paul."

A little more than thirty years have passed since the Orange Free State, at that time still in its infancy, waged a sanguinary war with the Basutus, then newly welded into a nation by their astute king, Moshehe.

The country of the Basutus is a land of broken and rugged mountains, clustering about the head waters of the Orange river. From the western foot of these mountains the open plains of the Free State stretch away, grassy and treeless, toward the setting sun. Over all its level expanse there is hardly a hill to be seen, while the air is so pure and dry that objects can be discerned at an almost incredible distance.

At the very outbreak of hostilities with the Basutus, the Free State called to arms every able-bodied burgher within its boundaries. Now the Boer soldier, always a horseman, may literally be said to live in the saddle—for from the saddle he shoots; in the saddle, while riding, he half the time eats; and only dismounts when pressed by the exigencies of sleep. Trained from his childhood to shoot from the saddle, every man is an expert rider and marksman—such a soldier was Abel Kruger, one of the very first to be summoned from his farm to drive back the murderous hands of Moshehe, who, coming down from their mountains at unexpected points, strove with demon ferocity, to blot out in fire and blood, every home and settlement of the whites within reach of frebrand and assegai.

The Boer forces all mounted—as has been said—were divided into small bands of from fifty to 200 men. Each band, or "commando," operated in a semi-independent manner against the half-civilized enemy, confining itself generally as much as possible to its proper district. The "commando" to which Abel Kruger belonged was early called away from the neighborhood of his residence, to scour the country, far and near, in search of parties of marauders.

The Kruger farmhouse was situated on the open plain some miles distant from the mountains, and Abel suspected that it would sooner or later be exposed to attack. It bore hard with him to go away without his family, and leave his home almost defenseless. His wife and children were there, with only two or three faithful servants to protect them. Naturally he was anxious for their safety, when, after an absence of a week, his commando rode back to his "place."

While still afar off, Abel stooped low in his saddle, striving to descry the smoke wreathing up from the chimney. The cattle that should have grazed on the plain in the vicinity were nowhere to be seen. Nearer and nearer rode the troop, till at last the house was in view, roofless and ruined. Five minutes later they dismounted before the blackened walls.

"Where are my wife and my children?" he cried, rushing in through the charred and smoke begrimed doorway. Their mutilated corpses lay before him in all the horrible ghastliness of death. For some moments he gazed at them in silence. The shining tears coursed down his bearded face, but never a word did he utter. He

slowly walked back and replaced himself in the saddle, vowing vengeance on the murderous Basutus.

His companions had mounted and were ready to gallop away, when Abel rode up beside the commander, took off his hat, and with upraised arm, called God and man to witness his resolve that as long as the war should continue he would never again leave his ruined farm, "which," said he, "I was wrong to have gone from at all knowing, as I did, that it was sure to be laid in ruins by those black-skinned and tiger-hearted murderers."

Reasoning with a man in Abel's state of mind was useless, so his commander and companions allowed him to do as he pleased. From the whole troop he got bountiful supplies of blitong, powder, bullets and buckshot. Then the commands rode away, leaving him alone at the desolate farm. He filled his sandbags and stowed away his supplies on both his horses—for each burgher had two, one to mount when the other grew tired. Then he "off-saddled," and let his horses graze and refresh themselves, while he himself stretched upon the grass, thoughtfully laid out his plan of campaign.

He would fight the Basutus singlehanded, and not only would he make his ruined

farm his headquarters, but he would find a bait sure to draw them thither. For this purpose some cattle would be necessary. These he would take from the Basutus themselves.

That night he rode off toward the mountains and stampered one of their herds in the darkness collecting a number of them afterward, and driving them to his farm. Next morning a few Basutus followed the spoor, and after a time sighted the cattle on the plain.

Now near Abel's ruined house there was a little hill, 100 or 200 feet high—one of the few in the Free State—rocky, bush-grown, and flat-topped. This hill sloped gradually upwards, till, within ten feet of the top, a clef of rock rose up almost as straight as a wall. In some places it was as flat, as if it had formerly been a peak and was now sawed off. On the slope of the further side of this hill Abel had his horses and guns in readiness, while he himself, lying flat upon the level rock, watched the approaching Basutus as they came on for the coveted cattle.

Now, at that time, none of the Kafir tribes had horses—the southern Kafirs had, in fact, no name for that animal, but have since called it "hashie," a Kafirism form of the English word.

Before driving off the oxen the Basutus prowled curiously about the ruins of Abel's house. But when he saw them gather together in a group, looking in at the door where the corpses of his family had lain, gloating, perhaps they were, over their own work—he could stand it no longer, but rushed to his horse and rode desperately down the hill, coming out on the plain two or three hundred yards from the warriors. They saw him, and yelling and brandishing their assegais, rushed toward him for he was galloping straightly toward them. But Abel knew when to turn, he knew too much of assegais to be deceived in the distance. He fired both of his guns, each knocking over a Basutu. The others then ran to the slope of the hill, but more of them fell before the remainder found shelter behind the rocks and boulders.

Keeping well out of range of their assegais, he now dismounted and picked them off one by one as some of them had only partial cover and others rashly and wantonly taunted him to come closer. When no more heads appeared Abel thought he might safely draw closer and ride around to count the bodies. Two or three times over he counted, but could not find more than nineteen. Where was the other—for when the first came in view he had counted a score. At all costs the missing warrior must be found.

So Abel rode around the hill to the eastern side, and there, afar off over the plain, he saw the erstwhile most boastful warrior of them all legging it as hard as he could go for the mountains. Abel galloped after him till within good range, and then, dismounting, stopped him with a bullet. On going up to see if he were dead he found his own wife's ring on the fellow's finger.

The fact that the warriors had hidden behind the boulders on the hillside was not a lost lesson to Abel. He determined that never again would he let a party of them come so close to the hill. Every day after that he kept his solitary watch on the hill-top while his horses, saddled and ready, browsed on the slope.

On the third day after he saw another party come toward him from the mountains. When they were still a couple of miles off he rode out to meet them. When they saw him galloping toward them they yelled and with assegais ready came on without quickening their pace. At a safe distance he reined up and fired, killing a pair. Then he retreated, and they pursued at a run, thinking they would frighten him the more, as they thought he was going away from fear. However, as soon as he had reloaded he doubled back to meet them, and shot two more. Then they stopped, for they thought it dangerous to follow him further. When he saw them halting, he halted also, and continued coolly firing and killing with every shot. At last they began running back, when they had lost nearly half their number. But the open plain gave them no cover, and Abel followed and shot, until the last man tumbled over on the veldt.

Returning to his post on the hill, he waited a whole week, but no more appeared; neither did any of the burghers come

that way—a thing Abel was glad of, for he feared they might insist on his joining their party.

To entice more Basutus out on the plain he ran the risk of starting off after dark to drive the cattle toward the mountains. At dawn, while still a considerable distance out on the plain, he lighted a fire of withered grass to attract their attention. Letting the cattle graze about for a time, he sat in his saddle awaiting developments. When at last he saw a party coming after the cattle, he commenced to drive them slowly toward his farm, as if he didn't notice that any one was after him. If he saw them gaining on him he would go to the front, and sometimes he pretended to have trouble with the herd so as to encourage his pursuers and entice them further out upon the plain. On came the Basutus till Abel thought that they were far enough from the mountains for their friends to remain ignorant of their fate. Then he treated them as he did the other bands that had preceded them—not one escaping to tell the tale of the others.

How many different parties he succeeded in wiping out is probably unknown, but it is said that human skeletons lined the trail from Abel's farm to within three miles of the mountains. Still the Basutus

never suspected that one man was causing such havoc. But they found it out by accident. A larger party than usual having set out on the spoor of the cattle, Abel made a serious miscalculation—he had too many to kill in the time, and was forced to let some of them escape. The effect of their return was soon seen. The news ran like wildfire through Basutoland, that some white "medicine man" was destroying every Basutu that went down on the way to Kruger's farm, and that the whole distance, from the little flat-topped hill to the mountains, was white with their bones. The consequence was that most of Moshehe's warriors were dreadfully frightened and avoided going in that direction.

Nevertheless, the daring Boer soon got a surprise, which showed him forcibly how precarious was his position.

Twelve young boys, who wished to curry favor with the king, handed themselves together and swore they would kill the Killer. They had heard of his tactics from those who had escaped from his bullets; so they took no risk of advancing by daylight, but started out stealthily, under cover of the silence and darkness of night. Unheard and unseen they reached Abel's flat-topped hill and hid themselves away among the bushes and boulders on the slope.

At the first signs of dawn they saw Abel making his way along the head of the slope by the foot of the rock ledge. Soon they saw him go on his knees, and then down flat on his face. Abel was drinking at a little spring, whose cool water boiled up in the midst of a pond or basin as clear as crystal.

As he lay there, face downward, drinking, he noted in the water the reflection of the blue overhead and of the green leaves overhanging the edge. Then he became aware of something else he saw to his horror that his days were ended. The black faces of a dozen men were glaring at him from the bottom of the mirror-like pool, with assegais poised ready to strike him. He never stirred from his position. He believed that his hour had come, but in the same instant he thought of a ruse to escape by.

"Well, you've got me at last," said he, "and I know you won't spare me, neither will I ask you to do so."

"Ha, ha! We've got you safe this time," they said, and he lay there, face downward, drinking, he noted in the water the reflection of the blue overhead and of the green leaves overhanging the edge. Then he became aware of something else he saw to his horror that his days were ended. The black faces of a dozen men were glaring at him from the bottom of the mirror-like pool, with assegais poised ready to strike him. He never stirred from his position. He believed that his hour had come, but in the same instant he thought of a ruse to escape by.

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"Well, you've got me at last," said he, "and I know you won't spare me, neither will I ask you to do so."

said they, "and we'll pay you for all you have done to us."

"Well," said he, "do me one favor before I die. I have loved always the wide, free world and the sky. Take me up on the hill-top and let me take one last look at God's beautiful world before you kill me. Besides," added he quickly, "my clothes will be useful to you, and you had better kill me naked, for it you stab me now with your assegais, you'll make them full of holes." Now he said these things while still lying face down over the water, watching their fierce countenances reflected from its depths.

"Quite right you are," shouted they. "Come up on the hill-top, then, and strip." Soon one of them took up his gun and went before, while the others, closing in around him as he arose, escorted him up on the table land, their ready spears pointing at him from every side, as they ascended by an easy way. Arriving on the flat hill-top, he gazed around, as he had asked, at the beautiful world, and then commenced to disrobe. First taking off his hat, he gave it to one. Then his neckerchief he gave to another; to a third his pipe; to a fourth his tinder box and flint and steel. Another got his knife and another his coat; another his shirt, and so on, till he had given something to all but three, who remained, eagerly watching him, while the others were busy like children with their just acquired presents. They thought they had him safe, now that he was stripped of all except his trousers and boots. He noted their self-confidence with satisfaction. Taking off one of his long boots, therefore, with great deliberation, he handed it to one of the three who had as yet received nothing. Two remained, one on his right hand and the other on his left. Now he was standing quite close to the edge of the cliff, where there was a sheer drop of about eight feet. He took off his last boot with the same deliberation as the other; but just when he was taking his foot out of it, he gave a mighty swing, striking the heavy heel of it in the mouth of the would-be recipient, at knocking over with his other arm the one who was expecting the trousers.

One bound carried him down over the rocks. A yell of disappointment burst from the throats of his outwitted captors. Their hurried but ill-aimed assegais flew after him, but none of them touched him, for he ran around under shelter of the rocks, and one of them dared to follow him in his jump, but ran down by the easy way by which they had brought him up. Then they were too late, for Abel got around to the western side of the hill, mounted his horse and began to pick them down with the gun he had strapped on the saddle. When they saw how things were going against them, they scattered over the hillside to hide from his bullets. But all day long he sought them out. Yet one fellow lay so well hidden that Abel unsuspectingly went into danger and started when an assegai whizzed past his head. But this lurker got shot, too, and by night the whole twelve left their bones to be added to the rest.

Some of them, after getting their presents of wearing apparel had put it on, and did not perhaps have time to take it off afterwards, for Abel sent a bullet through the breast of his own coat when he shot the Basutus who wore it. His shirt, too, had a hole through it. His gun and pocket

Me and my Susana's
Been married several years;
I ain't never whist dat nigger yet—
De nigger ain't gwine be no tears.

I'll tell you just one reason—
And den you'll know de rest;
I rid in "Carmichael's Jackson Buggy"
Dressed in my Sunday best.

When I cum a sailin' down de road,
And a-settin' up de straight,
I sed to myself in de dashboard,<
"Dat gal's gwine be my mate!"

De people comes from everywhere,
De nigger wears a smile,
To see "Carmichael's Jackson Buggy"
Built in de latest style!

Of strongest wood dey's built so well,
Wild bodies pew and bright,
Light runnin' wheels so neat and trim,
Ugh! ugh! what a pretty sight!

To see dem skimm'n' along de road,
And de wheels a-whizz'n' around,
De nigger like angels of light
A-sail'n' along de ground.

Dis nigger will some day be gone,
He never more kin ride
In "Carmichael's Jackson Buggy";
He'll be done crossed de tide.

And when I git up yonder
Where dey neber sheds a tear,
I'll smile to see de chariots like
"Carmichael's Jackson Buggy" here.

But long as breif is in dis body,
I'll tell my kin and kind,
Dat "Carmichael's Jackson Buggy"
Is de best and cheapest kind.

Quick Time to Portland, Oregon.
By recent change of schedule the Union Pacific railway make from six to twelve hours quicker time from St. Louis and Chicago to Portland than can be made by any other route. For full particulars address James F. Aftair, St. Louis, Mo., may 5 20-t eod

Notice.
The subscribers to the Atlanta Telephone Exchange and the public are cautioned not to take any advertisement on any kind of a patented telephone list or directory different from the one at present gotten out and furnished by the exchange, which is the only authorized and official list. This list has been copyrighted, beginning with June 1st, no copy unauthorized list could only be copied from an old list. Respectfully,
R. L. WEST, Manager.
may 30-eod

Office Stationery
Of every description at John M. Miller's, 1615-t eod

Trunk Repairing.
Is our business as well as making new trunks, valises and traveling bags of all kinds. Foote Trunk Factory, 17 E. Alabama

Ladies: A Friend in Need Is One Indeed.
Dr. Cassenberry and Tansy Pills are such. Are never failing as a cure of Female Irregularities. Sent by mail. SPECIALTY CO., Staunton, Va., may 31-t eod

SUMMER SCHOOL.
Southern Female College, College Park, Ga.
From June 18th to August 1st this institution will conduct a session in the branches of mathematics, English, Latin and Greek. The classes of students to whom the summer school will be of special interest are: Teachers who wish to continue their studies and learn the methods of this college; pupils who have been occupied with their school work and wish to bring up their particular lines of work; pupils who are preparing for entrance into colleges and conservatories.
The location and equipment of the college is favorable for summer work. The building, surrounded by a campus and arboretum of thirty acres, is as cool and delightful as any southern resort.
The double schedules of the hour trains and the public car load now in process of construction offer convenient facilities for reaching the city.
The summer school gives an opportunity to spend the season profitably as well as pleasantly at nominal cost. Charles C. Cox, president, or William S. Cox, College Park, Ga., June 3-w sun tues thur

ST. JOSEPH CADETS.
Special Excursion to Savannah—\$3.00 Round Trip.
Central of Georgia railway has arranged to run a special excursion from Macon for the St. Joseph Cadets and any friends who wish to take advantage of the low rate to visit Savannah and Tybee. Tickets are \$3 for the round trip, and will be sold for train leaving Saturday night, June 5th, at 11:25, and will have a limit to June 8th, returning. Extra coaches and sleepers will be provided for all who will go. Everybody is invited regardless of race. For further information call on E. P. Baker, Jr., A. W. P. Dawson, or A. M. C. May 30 June 1 3-t

Was Very Nervous

Had Smothering Spells and Could Not Sleep—Doctors Called It Neuralgia and Indigestion.

"I had pains in my head, neck and shoulders and all through my body but they were most severe in my left side. The doctor called it neuralgia and indigestion. I was confined to my bed for eight months. I was very nervous, had smothering spells and could not sleep. I read of cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla and of a case similar to mine. My husband procured a bottle, and I began taking it. After taking one bottle I felt better, was able to rest and my appetite improved. I continued until my nervousness was cured and I was much better in every way. My husband has also been benefited by Hood's Sarsaparilla." MARY S. STONE, Spaulville, Virginia.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Is the Best—In fact the One True Blood Purifier.
Sold by all druggists. \$1.50 for \$5.

Hood's Pills Hood's Sarsaparilla.

The Prize Poem.
Below is the poem written by Miss Rosa Belle Thornton, of Jackson, Ga., which won her the prize offered in the recent contest open for Georgia contestants for the poem best advertising "Carmichael's Jackson Buggy." Read the poem carefully and send in your order for Jackson buggies. Respectfully,
J. R. CARMICHAEL.

"Carmichael's Jackson Buggy."
Whoa, mule! stop dat kickin',
De nigger sling dem heels so high;
You neber kin smash dis buggy,
If your heels reach up to de sky.

Dis "Carmichael's Jackson Buggy"
Kin stand your kickin' feet;
So you'd better be savin' up dem heels
Fur to stand de summer heat.

You kin kick as much as you please;
De nigger stands de test.
Dis nigger ain't gwine tell no lie—
I tell you dey's de best.

I heerd de white folks talk'n—
Whoa! hol! on dere behind!
Dat "Carmichael's Jackson Buggy"
Is de best and cheapest kind.

Me and my Susana's
Been married several years;
I ain't never whist dat nigger yet—
De nigger ain't gwine be no tears.

I'll tell you just one reason—
And den you'll know de rest;
I rid in "Carmichael's Jackson Buggy"
Dressed in my Sunday best.

When I cum a sailin' down de road,
And a-settin' up de straight,
I sed to myself in de dashboard,
"Dat gal's gwine be my mate!"

De people comes from everywhere,
De nigger wears a smile,
To see "Carmichael's Jackson Buggy"
Built in de latest style!

Of strongest wood dey's built so well,
Wild bodies pew and bright,
Light runnin' wheels so neat and trim,
Ugh! ugh! what a pretty sight!

To see dem skimm'n' along de road,
And de wheels a-whizz'n' around,
De nigger like angels of light
A-sail'n' along de ground.

Dis nigger will some day be gone,
He never more kin ride
In "Carmichael's Jackson Buggy";
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And when I git up yonder
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But long as breif is in dis body,
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Dat "Carmichael's Jackson Buggy"
Is de best and cheapest kind.

WOODBURY'S FACIAL CREAM.
Manufactured by Dermatologist Woodbury, is delightful, put up in tubes convenient for use, and is an acquisition to the toilet table. It is used by men and women. Send for Beauty Book, containing list of Cream, John H. Woodbury, Dermatologist, 127 W. 43d St., N. Y.

OUR NAME ON A SHOE
SANDS
JK ORR
SHOE
LOOK FOR THE RED SEAL
PROFESSIONAL CARDS.
R. T. Dorsey, P. H. Brewster, Albert Howell, DORSEY, BREWSTER & HOWELL, LAWYERS.
Offices—1, 2, 4, 6 and 6 Lower Building, 6th Floor, 120 Peachtree St. N. E. May 30 June 1 3-t

EISEMAN BROS.

Boys' Clothing.

The building that will begin in a short time is why a special discount is now allowed on all woolen goods. Going to add another story so that the Boys can have a separate space all to themselves. A fine passenger elevator will convey customers to the new department. In the meantime you may secure the richest styles in Cheviots, Homespun, Fancy Wools, Cassimeres, Tricots, Flannels and Covert Cloths at a fraction of their real worth. The variety of Blouse, Sailor, Vestee and Reefer Suits has never been surpassed. Scores of exclusive effects on display.

Men's Negligee Shirts.

The days to wear them are here. Stiff, uncomfortable Dress Shirts will now be put aside for the delightfully cool and pleasant Negligee shirt. We have them in all the popular colors and patterns—Madras, Batiste, Percale and Zephyr. Largest, most complete and lowest-priced stock in the south.

Bathing Suits.

Already those who can are getting ready for the seashore. The June exodus is fairly under way. Gay and congenial parties are being formed for St. Simon's and Cumberland. This is to let you know that we have a fine line of Bathing Suits at winsome prices.

Bicycle Outfits.

We are too smart and clever to fall short on these goods. Our buyer bought liberally of the best. Come here for Suits, Sweaters, Belts, Caps and Golf Hose. Devotees of the bike tell us we are 25 per cent under the general market. We believe it to be true.

Eiseman Bros.,

15-17 WHITEHALL STREET.

Our Only Store in Atlanta—15-17 Whitehall St.

NATATORIUM.

Opposite State Capitol.

Now open, Season 1897. Refurnished throughout. Delightful swimming, pool 30x70 feet. Ladies in the mornings, men afterwards. Private parties (ladies and men) 9 to 10:30 evenings. Sundays men only.

WANTED.

Two first-class, reliable special agents for the Union Central Life Insurance Company. Will make contracts based on salary or advances, together with commissions. W. M. LEARY, General Agent, Temple Court.

Eighteen Thousand Dollars CASH!

Will buy central business property, paying 8 per cent. (Two years ago it paid 8 per cent on twenty-six thousand dollars.) Address

J. I. C., Care Constitution.

THE "IMPROVED" EXTENSION SHOE

Old Style. Mfd. by Improved. The "IMPROVED" EXTENSION SHOE CO. 205 Vine Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. Agency for Atlanta and vicinity.

JOHN M. MOORE

Shoe Dealer, 30 Whitehall st.

Telephone 548. Standard Ice Co.

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TELEGRAPHERS WORK
IN CONVENTIONThe Work Done at the Recent O. R. T.
Peoria Convention.

IMPORTANT CHANGES

Approve Federation and
Adopt Insurance Plan.

HELP COMMERCIAL TELEGRAPHERS

The Later Will Be Encouraged in Or-
ganizing—The Convention Elects
Officers—Important Features.

By Charles Daniel.

The recent convention of the Order of Railroad Telegraphers, held at Peoria, Ill., was one of the most successful in the history of the organization. The attendance was the largest ever present at a convention of the order, and the ten days' session was a most profitable one for the telegraphers of the organization and the telegraphers of the country.

The organization of telegraphers in the United States was first begun at Cedar Rapids, Iowa, in 1881, at which time and place the first convention of the order was held. It was then known as the Order of Railroad Telegraphers. The organization has since that time been steadily growing, and it enjoys full membership and association with the order in all parts of the United States and Mexico and is represented by the Order of Railroad Telegraphers in the United States and Mexico.

A better plan of organization was adopted at the convention, and the organization was reorganized for the next two years as follows:

FEDERATION APPROVED.

First of all was the enthusiastic and unanimous adoption of a declaration favoring the federation of all the railroad telegraphers. This declaration was adopted by a vote of 100 to 0, and it was decided that the telegraphers of the United States should be organized into a federation of all the railroad telegraphers of the United States.

Insurance To Be Adopted.

The convention discussed the subject of insurance for its members, life and accident insurance, and the result was the adoption of a plan of insurance to be submitted to a vote of the membership for approval before being put into effect. The plan will be very simple and easy to understand, and it will be a great benefit to the telegraphers of the United States.

Organization for Commercial Men.

The convention also discussed the question of the organization of the telegraphers of the United States into a commercial organization, and the result was the adoption of a plan of organization to be submitted to a vote of the membership for approval before being put into effect.

The Recorder Has Decided To Ride A Bike.

Judge Andy Calhoun has at last decided to ride a bike. He has been contemplating taking the step with him for some time, and he has now decided to do so.

Address To Men Only.

Mr. W. M. Lewis, Young Men's Christian Association secretary for Georgia and South Carolina, will conduct the men's rally at the Young Men's Christian Association hall this afternoon at 3:30 o'clock. The subject of his address will be "The Social Problem."

A Cheap Trip To St. Simons Island.

Quite a large party of Atlanta people will leave for St. Simons Island Saturday, June 12th, via the Central of Georgia Railway and G. S. and F. Railway.

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RAILROAD ORDERS
WILL FEDERATE
THE SOUTHComplete Amalgamation of All Classes of
Railroad Labor.

A NEW PLAN WILL BE ADOPTED

Telegraphers, Trainmen's, Firemen's
and Conductors' Conventions Act.

FEDERATION TO BE AN INTERNATIONAL ONE

It Will Be the Strongest Railroad
Brotherhood Agreement Ever
Accomplished.

By Charles Daniel.

Last month was an important one with the railroad labor organizations. Three big conventions were held in many sections of America, and the eyes of the labor men of the United States, Canada and Mexico were upon the assemblages.

The conventions referred to were those of the Order of Railroad Telegraphers, the Order of Railroad Conductors and the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen. The telegraphers met in Peoria, Ill., the city in which the headquarters of that order are located. The conductors met in Los Angeles, Cal., and the trainmen assembled at Toronto, Canada. All of the gatherings were largely attended and were successful.

The most noteworthy fact in connection with the several conventions is that with one accord all of the orders declared unequivocally in favor of establishing international and complete federation with one another. This action was taken after years of discussion of the matter and its accomplishment will be a realization of the dreams of labor men for years and years.

PECULIAR POISONS.

GENERATED IN THE HUMAN BODY.

The Result of Imperfect Digestion of Food.

Every living thing, plant or animal, contains within itself the germs of certain decay and death.

In the human body these germs of disease and death, called by scientists "poisons," are usually the result of imperfect digestion of food; the result of indigestion or dyspepsia.

The stomach, from abuse, weakness, does not promptly and thoroughly digest the food. The result is a heavy, sodden mass which ferments (the first process of decay) poisoning the blood, making it thin, weak, and lacking in nourishment.

Bad digestion irritates the heart, causing palpitation and finally bringing on disease of the heart. It also irritates the liver, causing jaundice, and the kidneys, causing Bright's disease and diabetes.

And this is so because every organ, every nerve, every muscle, every bone, every cell of the body, is dependent upon the blood for its nourishment and renewal, and weak digestion shows itself not only in loss of appetite and flesh, but in weak nerves and muddy complexion.

The great English scientist, Huxley, said the best test in life is a sound stomach. Weak stomachs fail to digest food properly, because they lack the proper quantity of digestive juices (acid, pepsin, and hydrochloric acid) to break down the food into its elements.

The regular use of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets will cure every form of stomach trouble, except cancer of the stomach. They increase flesh, insure pure blood, strong nerves, a bright eye and clear complexion, because all these result only from wholesome food.

Nearly all druggists sell Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets at 50 cents full size package or by mail by enclosing price to Stuart Co., Marshall, Mich., but ask your druggist for a free trial.

JUDGE ANDY ON A BIKE.

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ONE OF TWO WAYS.

The bladder was created for one purpose, namely, a receptacle for the urine, and as such it is not liable to any form of disease except by one of two ways. The first way is from imperfect action of the kidneys. The second way is from careless local treatment of other diseases.

CHIEF CAUSE.

Unhealthy urine from unhealthy kidneys is the chief cause of bladder troubles. So the kidneys, which are the filters of the body, must be kept in good order. If they are not, the urine will be impure, and it will not do its duty. The error is easily made and may be as easily avoided. To find out correctly, get your urine tested for twenty-four hours: a specimen of the urine, passed during the day, and one passed during the night, should be sent to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. The proprietors of this paper guarantee the genuineness of this offer.

Investment in Manufactures in the South

Investment in manufactures in the south has been growing steadily since the war. The south has shown an increase of only 9 per cent. The same ten years the south's investment in cotton manufacture gained 100 per cent. The south's investment in cotton manufacture in 1880 was \$1,000,000, and in 1890 it was \$10,000,000. The south's investment in cotton manufacture in 1890 was \$10,000,000, and in 1896 it was \$25,000,000. The south's investment in cotton manufacture in 1896 was \$25,000,000, and in 1898 it was \$50,000,000. The south's investment in cotton manufacture in 1898 was \$50,000,000, and in 1900 it was \$100,000,000.

The entire year: that he has conversed

with a number of people from his section who have located in Georgia, and to a man they seem to be satisfied and enthusiastic. They have impressed him with the general good health enjoyed, good water, good climate, adaptability of soil for raising all the crops of the north, and to a man they are such as we need in the upbuilding of Georgia.

"The farmer of the northwest who has only a few months out of the year in which to make the soil yield him his livelihood is a very industrious man, and when transplanted in a desirable section of the state, such as can be found in south Georgia, with the climatic conditions all favorable, will become a very valuable citizen. His push, forethought and constant attention to his business will yield him most desirable results, and will have the effect of inciting his neighbors to imitate him in many things, and like the will of the ocean, when once started will roll on and take many in its wake.

"A northwestern farmer who can in the few months allowed him, make sufficient money to take care of himself and family during the many cold months, when work is impracticable, can certainly with all the months in the year here to work, not only make a living, but become rich. He finds everything in his favor here.

"I have understood that the women and children of the northwest suffer ill health frequently from being housed during the cold winter months, and that this was often a source of great anxiety to the heads of families. It has recently been remarked to me that the feature of sunshine was worth \$100 an acre for a farmer, man, and that the ability to get out of doors and get fresh air, almost every day, was beyond a price.

"It seems to me that the advantages for immigrants are, by comparison, many. To summarize: good climate, good water, no political or religious ostracism, every man to follow his legitimate avocation, Churches, schools, and all the amenities of the climate and natural advantages abounding here. I believe that the intrinsic value of our southern farm lands is far greater than that of the north, and that in proportion as the real facts become known in the north and west, will be the incoming tide of people from these sections. The conclusion is inevitable that investment in the south lands are safe and will surely be profitable. Every year now will witness an advance in prices, and those who buy now will gain the widest choice and the largest margin of profit.

So, once more let me say, keep the facts about our state and section prominently in your columns and you will be rewarded by increased patronage, by the growth of this state and section and by the gratitude of those whom you informed about this southland. Very truly,

SAMUEL W. GOODE

Information From Another Source.

On the same subject, The Constitution is in receipt of a valuable communication from Mr. J. C. Halle, general passenger agent of the Central Railroad of Georgia, in which he says:

"South Georgia is a magnificent section of this great state and is capable of the greatest possibilities, and is being wonderfully developed.

"The principal products, and additionally other fruits, are being largely increased constantly. A number of capitalists have put considerable money into fruit raising, and this industry has developed a most excellent market for the fruit growing world. It is impossible to realize the magnitude of the work in this line unless you see the fruit growing world.

"The Central of Georgia Railway has recently built spur tracks into the heart of some of the largest orchards in the south, and this is a great advantage to the grower, enabling him to place the fruit right from the tree into the car, avoiding damage incident to wagon transportation from the orchard to the station.

"A good deal of attention is now being attracted to Cuthbert, Ga., and that section, as a fruit raising locality. A gentleman from Cuthbert has recently made a trip through the northwest with a view of attracting people to Randolph county, particularly, and he writes us most encouraging letters. The indications are that quite a number of people will locate permanently in the fruit growing business in the neighborhood of Cuthbert in consequence of the efforts of the gentleman referred to. The advantages to immigrants in this section are rapidly learning that every crop raised there, and many kinds more, can be grown in the south under more favorable circumstances. They begin to see that the same money invested in lands and in the west, and contains so many interesting facts about the south, that it deserves the patronage and thanks of all the southern people, and they are welcomed and encouraged by the people of other sections, who are, to a great extent, ignorant of the wonderful resources and pleasant social conditions of the south. The people of the north, who are rapidly learning that every crop raised there, and many kinds more, can be grown in the south under more favorable circumstances. They begin to see that the same money invested in lands and in the west, and contains so many interesting facts about the south, that it deserves the patronage and thanks of all the southern people, and they are welcomed and encouraged by the people of other sections, who are, to a great extent, ignorant of the wonderful resources and pleasant social conditions of the south. 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THREE PARTNERS;

By Bret Harie.

The Big Strike on Heavy Tree Hill.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

For a moment Mrs. Horncastle was speechless and vacillating. She had often noticed before that it was part of the irony of the creation of such a simple name as Barker's that he was not only open to deceit, but absolutely seemed to invite it. Instead of making others franker, people were inclined to rebuke his credulity by restraint and equivocation on their own part. But the evasion thus offered to her, although only temporary, was a temptation she could not resist. And it prolonged an interview that a ruthless revelation of the truth might have shortened.

"She did not tell me why she was going there," she replied, still evasively, "and, indeed," she replied, with a burst of candor still more dangerous, "I only learned it from the hotel clerk after she was gone. But I want to talk to you about her relations to Van Loo," she said, with a return of her former intensity of gaze, "and I thought we would be less subject to interruption here than at the hotel. Only I suppose everybody knows this place, and any of these flitting French and Italian people here. Besides," she added, with a little half-hysterical laugh and a slight shiver, as she looked up at the high inclining of the boughs above her head, "it's as public as the aisles of a church, and really one feels as if one was 'speaking out' in meeting. Isn't there some other spot a little more secluded, where we could sit down?" she went on, as she looked at the usual black gunpowder deposit of earth which mingled with the carpet of pine needles beneath her feet, "and not get all sticky and dirty?"

Barker's eyes sparkled. "I know every foot of this hill, Mrs. Horncastle," he said, "and if you will follow me I'll take you to one of the loveliest nooks you ever dreamed of. It's an old Indian spring, now forgotten, and I think known only to me and the birds. It's not more than ten minutes from here, only—he hesitated as he caught sight of the smart French and Italian shoes and silken ankles which Mrs. Horncastle's gathering up of her dainty skirts around her had disclosed—"it may be a little rough and dusty, going to your feet."

But Mrs. Horncastle pointed out that she had already irremediably ruined her shoes and stockings in climbing up to him—although Barker could really distinguish no diminution of their freshness—and that she might as well go on. Whereat they both passed down the long aisle of slope to a little below of manzanito, which again opened to a view of Black Spur, but left the hotel hidden.

"What time did Kitty go?" began Barker, eagerly, when they were half down the slope.

But here Mrs. Horncastle's foot slipped upon the glassy pine needles, and not only stepped an answer, but obliged Barker to give all his attention to her. Her position from falling again until they reached the open. Then came the plunge through the manzanito thicket, then a cool wade through water, and finally, when they emerged, holding each other's hand, breathless and panting before the spring.

It did not belie his enthusiastic description. A triangular hollow, now a shelf of the mountain side, narrowed to a point from which the overflow of the spring recoiled through a fringe of alder, to fall in a green furrow down the valley to be a mountain side. Overhung by pines above, which met and mingled with the willows that everywhere fringed it, it made the one cooling shade of the cynical, like vines that seemed to caress rather than to restrain their moving feet, until they reached an open space before the pool. It was cushioned down with the fragrant pine bark, and here they sat down. Mrs. Horncastle furled her parasol and laid it aside, raised both hands to the back of her head, and with a gasp of surprise, out of which she placed in her smiling mouth, removed her hat, stuck the hairpins in it, and handed it to Barker, who gently placed it on the top of the tree, where it hung the rest of that momentous meeting. It swung and dropped like a flower, removed her gloves slowly, drank still smilingly and gratefully nearly a wine of the water which Barker brought her in the green twisted chalice of a lily leaf, looked the picture of happiness, and then burst into tears.

Barker was astounded, dismayed, even terror-stricken. Mrs. Horncastle, crying, Mrs. Horncastle, the imperious, collected, the coldly critical, the cynical, the woman of the world, actually crying. Other women might cry—Kitty had cried often—but Mrs. Horncastle? Yet, there she was, sobbing; actually sobbing like a school girl, her beautiful eyes, her cheeks, her face, her long, white fingers, through a lace pocket handkerchief which she had hurriedly produced and shaken from behind her like a conjurer's trick, through her beautiful eyes, a thousand times more lustrous for the sparkling beads that brimmed her lashes and welled over like the pool before her.

"Don't mind me," she murmured behind her handkerchief. "It's very foolish, I know. I was nervous, worried, I suppose; I'll be better in a moment. Don't notice me, please."

But Barker had drawn beside her and was trying, after the fashion of his sex, to take her handkerchief away in apparently the firm belief that this action would stop her tears. "But tell me what it is, Dr. Mrs. Horncastle, please," he pleaded in his boyish fashion. "Is it anything I can do?" Only say the word; only tell me something."

But he had succeeded in partially removing that handkerchief, and so caught a glimpse of her wet eyes in which a faint smile struggled with the tears. Barker, who she didn't cry, and her breath came and went with the action of a sob and her hands still remained against her flushed face.

"I was only going to talk to you of Kitty (sob), but I suppose I'm weak (sob) and such a fool (sob), and I got to thinking of myself and my own troubles, and I ought to be thinking only of you and Kitty."

"Never mind Kitty," said Barker, impulsively. "Tell me about yourself—your own sorrows. I am a brute to have bothered you about her at such a moment; and now, till you have told me what is paining you, I shall not let you speak of her. He was perfectly sincere. He was not only possible and easy tears over the little's money to the unknown agony that would reach a sob from a woman like this?"

"Dear Mrs. Horncastle," she went on as breathlessly, "think of me now not as Kitty's husband, but as your true friend. Yes, as your best and truest friend and speak to me as you would speak to him."

"You will be my friend," she said suddenly and passionately, grasping his hand,

"My best and truest friend? And if I tell you all—everything—you will not cast me from you and hate me?"

Barker felt the same thrill from her warm hand slowly possess his whole being as it had the evening before, but this time he was prepared and answered the grasp and her eyes together as he said breathlessly, "I will be—I am your friend."

She withdrew her hand and passed it over her eyes. After a moment she caught his hand again, and holding it tightly as if she feared he might fly from her, bit her lip and then slowly, without looking at him, said: "I lied to you about myself and Kitty that night; I did not come with her. I came alone and secretly to Boomville to see—to see a man who is my husband."

"Your husband?" said Barker in surprise. He had believed with the rest of the world, that there had been no communication between them for years. Yet, as intensely as his interest in her that he did not notice that his revelation was leaving no excuse for his wife's presence at Boomville. Mrs. Horncastle went on with dogged bitterness, "Yes, my husband. I went to him to beg and bribe him to let me see my child," she said frantically, tightening her

fore I told you anything of her."

"Her? Of whom, dear?" he asked, leaning over her tenderly.

"Of Kitty, of your wife," she said impatiently, as she drew back shyly with her former intense gaze.

He did not seem to grasp her meaning, but said gravely: "Let us not talk of her now. Later we shall have much to say of her. For," he added quietly, "you know I must tell her all."

"The color faded from her cheeks. 'Tell her all?' she repeated vacantly; then suddenly she turned upon him eagerly and said: "But what if she is gone?"

"Gone?" he repeated.

"Yes, gone. What if she has run away with Van Loo? What if she has disgraced you and her child?"

"What do you mean?" he asked, seizing both her hands and gazing at her fixedly.

"I mean," she said, with a half-frightened eagerness, "that she has already gone with Van Loo. George! George! she burst out suddenly and passionately, full of her own sudden and desperate fear. For she thought that I would have followed you here and told you what I did if I thought she had now the slightest claim upon your love."

He went up to her. She was dirty, she was disheveled, she was haggard, she was plain. There were rings of dust around her tear-swollen eyes and smudges of dirt-dried perspiration over her fair cheek. He thought of the beauty, freshness and elegance of the woman he had just left, and an infinite pity swept the soul of the weak-minded gentleman. He ran toward her, and, tenderly lifting her in his shame-stained garments from the buggy, said hurriedly: "I know it all, poor Kitty! You heard the news of Van Loo's flight, and you ran over to the 'Divide' to try and save some of your money. Why didn't you wait? Why didn't you tell me?"

There was no mistaking the reality of his words, the genuine pity and tenderness of his action, but the woman saw before her only the familiar dupe of her life, and her infinite relief, which she had with certain contempt for his weakness, and anger at her previous fear of him.

"You might have driven over then yourself," she said in a high, nervous voice. "If you knew it so well, and have saved me this horrible, dirty, filthy, hopeless expedition, for I have not saved anything—there! And I have had all this disgusting bother!"

For an instant he was sorely tempted to lift his eyes to her face, but he checked himself; then he gently took her dust-coated hand, and he showed her the dust from her face and eyes with his own handkerchief, held her hand and blew the dust from it with a vivid memory of the morning when he had first seen her. He arranged her hair; and then, lifting her again into the buggy, said quietly as he took her hand beside her and grasped the reins: "I will drive you to the hotel by way of the stables, and you can go at once to your room and change your clothes. You are tired, you are nervous, and you want rest. Don't tell me anything now until you feel quite yourself again."

He whipped up the horse, which, recognizing the reins, started forward in a final effort, and in a few minutes they were at the hotel.

As Mrs. Horncastle sat at luncheon in the dining room, a little pale and abstracted, she saw Mrs. Barker sweep confidently into the room, fresh, rosy, and in a new and ravishing toilet. With a swift glance of conscious power toward the other guests she walked toward Mrs. Horncastle. "Ah, here you are, dear," she said in a voice that could easily reach all ears, "and you've arrived a little before your time. I've had a most awful drive in the 'Divide' and only think poor George telegraphed to me at Boomville not to worry, and his dispatch has only just come back here."

And with a glance of triumph she laid Barker's gentle and forgiving dispatch before the astonished Mrs. Horncastle.

CHAPTER VIII.

As the day advanced the excitement over the financial crisis increased at Hyattsville, in spite of its remote and peaceful isolation. It seemed to throb through all its verandas and corridors with some pulsation from the outer world. Besides the letters and dispatches brought by hurried messengers and by coach from the 'Divide' there was a crowd of guests and servants around the branch telegraph at the new Heavy Tree postoffice, which was constantly augmenting. Added to the natural anxiety of the deeply interested was the stimulated fever of the few who wished to be "in the fashion." It was early rumored that a heavy operator, a guest of the hotel, who was also director of the telegraph company, had bought up the wires for his sole use, so that the dispatches were doctored in his interest as a bear, and there was wild flying of the deep interest was the stimulated fever of the few who wished to be "in the fashion." 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Used American Methods Insure
Safety of Neighboring Build-
ings Easily.

of yielding. Large and deep ex-

of the Commercial Cable build-
ing the columns were made large
enough to enter under air pressure,
and the hard pan itself many feet

work was commenced May 29, 1896, 10 weeks after the underpinning.

These three caissons were 100 feet long, twelve to fifteen feet wide, nine feet high, with solid timber floors, thick and roof three feet thick inside and outside with

... were carried vertically
... roof and the walls were ex-
... the roof by water-tight plank-
... berdams that formed an open
... some of the pier masonry had
... on the caisson roof to increase
... the outside walls were thickly
... the following

outside steam derrick to the shafts, where, after an air-
had been closed below them, an

LETE MANHOOD

ment for Excesses. How
easiest to remedy past fol-
lies. The way to cure
Nervousness and Tremors.
The way to attain full Vigor
and Strength.

St., Dept. N, Buffalo, N.Y



feet away, bring it in great underground
main, measure through special meters and

post paid, upon receipt of price. Book free upon a

lication.

40 Whitehall St

**RECALL OF V
NOW SEEMS**

**Compton Advises the Re
tain Gen**

LIBERALS SUGGEST
Urban Problem Is To
Forever at

SAGASTA MAY BE ABLE
He Is Looked on as a
Harmonize All the
Political Sp

New York, June 5.—A Journal from Madrid says the recall of Captain from Cuba is almost certain. They have decided to take

Today advised the queen re
conservative cabinet in
country, implanting refor
Weyler and sending

"Campos himself advised to form an intermediate trust the government to secure the best and most of Cuba and the one mo

...good relations w
...which would be
...dignity. In addit
Correspondencia de Espa
...to recall Weyler
New York, June 5.—A.

It is established almost
that the ministerial crisis
by the queen regent
to Senor Canovas that the
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...a with Senor Canovas's or
...ation at such a critical
...onal affairs, and this is a
...ut by his tendering his
...ultately, no doubt in repl

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ministers, so that for ho
othing of the proffered re
"Senor Canovas's Cuban
recognized by nine-tenths
are collapsed, since the

has been gradually disseminated about the state of the Cuban economy. The crash has now come. The queen regent is still a monarchist. The popular feeling favors the liberals.

EN. WEYLER INT
AYS THE WAR WILL
SHORTLY

Measure the Effect of M
and Regards Run
all as Without Fo

Havana, June 5.—The c

The Associated Press was
interviewed by Capital
upon the latter's return
the scene of military
being questioned re
the island, General Wev

ould be ended in a short
soon he could not say.
depended entirely on
General Weyler apparen
not produced upon the al
the ministerial crisis in

to consider the cabinet's importance. He regretted his recall as without it he refused to speak with the cabinet of the attitude of the government. A continuance of friendship

...that country and S...
...relations will continu...
...has much to lose in...
...regards the latest mil...
...the island as highly imp...

PORT COUNCIL P
of Veal Calls Attention
of Sewer Branch Se
May Be Stop

The board of health will
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verizing the employment
Sheep to examine the
ary department. The

resolution was referred when it was taken and decided to report it to the court that if the court wanted an expert to make

be entirely agreeable
also with the assurance
afford every means
of the expert, placing
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be necessary in haste
and making it

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...ent Alexander, Judge
... and Drs. Cooper
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...adelphia. Judge Do
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...that the board
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from nearly every

The matter was not because of its hasty the mayor and Judge meeting of the council. The sand and acted on le

BANK PRESIDENT
KILLS HIMSELF

W. B. McConnell, of Ocala, Fla., Sends a Bullet Through His Brain.

HAD BEEN PUT UNDER ARREST
The Officer's Permission To Go
for a Cont.

HE FOLLOWED ALMOST IMMEDIATELY

Department of State Treasurer Col-
lins the Direct Result of Deal-
ings with the Ocala Banker.

Ocala, Fla., June 5.—About 2 o'clock this
morning B. B. McConnell, the defaulting
president of the defunct Merchants' Na-
tional bank, sent a bullet crashing through
his brain.

Medical aid could be summoned
as he was a corpse.

The deed was committed at the home of
his brother-in-law, W. K. McDonald, where
he and his wife and mother were taking
a morning walk.

It seems that G. C. Stapleton, receiver of
the Merchants' National bank, has made
new developments in the bank's busi-
ness that showed up very badly against
McConnell. He at once communicated
with United States Commissioner D.

Williams, who at once issued a warrant
for McConnell's arrest. This was placed
in the hands of Deputy United States Mar-
shal James Clark, who proceeded to the
McConnell residence. He learned there that
the bank president was at dinner at Mr.

McDonald's.
He went thither and read the warrant.
McConnell asked for permission to
go up stairs to get his coat. In about two
minutes the household was startled by the
report of a pistol and the fall of a
heavy body on the floor told the tale.

The officer rushed up stairs only to find Mc-
Connell breathing his last with a big hole
in the right side of his head over the ear
and a smoking revolver still in his hand.

The mother and wife are prostrated with
grief.
The affair caused greater excitement in
the city than even the bank failure.

ATTEMPTED TO KILL A FAMILY

HERE ATTACKED BY BARRETT
WHILE THEY SLEPT.

He Was Arrested, but Disarmed His
Gun—It Is Reported That a
Mob Has Lynched Him.

Orlando, Fla., June 5.—News reach-
ing this afternoon of a fiendish crime
was perpetrated at Orange Lake, Fla.,
about twenty miles from this city, last
night, in which an endeavor was made to
murder a whole family. The details, so
far as can be known, are as follows:

Shortly before midnight a man sup-
posed to be Isaac Barrett, a colored farmer,
entered the home of H. J. Hewson, a farm-
er, and murdered Isaac Barrett, a colored
farmer, and his wife and seven-year-old son
while they slept.

His wife and seven-year-old son while
they slept. The father was hit on the head
with a blow of two by four scuffling.

The daughter, Miss Maggie, grappled
with the negro and so bravely did she fight
that he left the house. The son is
said to be dying, but the parents may pos-
sibly recover.

Barrett was arrested by Messrs.
Johnson and Britton, who brought him
to the office of Justice of the Peace Zim-
merman. The negro managed to dis-
arm Johnson and violently attacked both.

A doctor soon approached and a gun
was leveled at him, and he was held
at bay. Watching an opportunity Britton
sprang upon the man and he was over-
powered and once more started for the office
of the magistrate.

It is reported that a party of twelve
men took the prisoner from the officers
and a lynching was probably the result.
Barrett Davis, accompanied by deputies,
left here shortly after 5 o'clock for the
scene of the crime. No motive has been
assigned for the awful deed, but as there
is no telegraphic communication the de-
tails are meager.

MISSIONARY SOCIETY

Next Georgia Conference Will
Meet in Macon.

Atlanta, Ga., June 5.—(Special.)—The an-
nual meeting of the Woman's Foreign Mis-
sionary Society, of the South Georgia con-
ference, will hold its annual meeting in
the streets of Mulberry Street Methodist
church, beginning next Friday evening,
June 12th, and continuing through the fol-
lowing Wednesday night. Some of the
most noted missionary workers of the
South will be in attendance. The ladies
of the Macon Methodist churches will en-
ter the most noted workers in the mis-
sionary cause who will be present are
Miss Bennett, Mrs. Bishop Parham, Miss
Maudie Bond and others. Rev. W. C.
Harris will preach the missionary sermon
on June 12th, at 11 o'clock, at Mulberry
Street Methodist church. The programme
of the conference will be highly interesting.

WILL REORGANIZE COMPANY

Tennessee River Transportation Will
Be Given a Boost.

Chattanooga, Tenn., June 5.—(Special.)—
Charles W. H. Williams, of Waterbury,
Conn., president of the Tennessee River
Navigation Company, has been in the
city this week and has begun the liquida-
tion of the affairs of the company. He re-
ported that the company will be re-
organized July 1st and new money put
out with the course of the
company in the hands of a receiver.

CUT HIS THROAT
WITH A PENKNIFE

Henry Ingram of Columbus Commits
Suicide in a Savannah Hotel.

HE KILLED HIMSELF FRIDAY
Body Was Cold and Rigid When Dis-
covered Yesterday Morning.

CAUSE OF THE DEED IS NOT KNOWN

He Left a Note for His Wife—Was a
Prominent Grocer of Columbus
and Had Many Friends.

Savannah, Ga., June 5.—(Special.)—Henry
Ingram, of the wholesale grocery house of
Ingram Bros., of Columbus, Ga., committed
suicide in his room at the Pulaaski house
some time Friday night by cutting his
throat from ear to ear with a penknife.

The discovery of the suicide was not
made until this morning when a porter
went to call Mr. Ingram for breakfast. He
was found cold and rigid in death, his
body and clothes being covered with his
own congealed blood.

On a table in the room was an unad-
dressed letter, which was opened by the corner,
and read as follows:

"Savannah, Ga., June 4, 1897.—Dear Cor-
rinne: Kiss our two little babies for me,
and goodbye. Lovingly,
"YOUR HUSBAND."

No cause for the deed is known nor can
it be found out here, but it is said that
the motive will soon be developed. Ingram
came to Savannah last Saturday.

Understanding the grocery business thor-
oughly, he was engaged to come to Savan-
nah to assist the insurance adjusters in
appraising the losses of the recent fire of
the grocery house of Smith Bros.

C. H. Dillingham, an insurance adjuster
from Columbus, who is now here, knew
the dead man well, and says he was highly
esteemed and respected in Columbus.

He saw Ingram a few hours before the
time the suicide was committed and says
nothing seemed wrong with him.
The verdict of the coroner's jury was in
accordance with the facts.

The supposition is that he committed the
crime while in a spirit of melancholy. The
remains were taken to Columbus for burial
tonight.

SENSATIONAL STREET FIGHT

Between Kellar and Wright Over Har-
bor Master Situation.

Brunswick, Ga., June 5.—(Special.)—The
political contention over the harbor master
situation, which bore fair to cripple Brun-
swick's shipping industry, culminated to-
night in a sensational street fight between
Harbor Master Dave Kellar and Captain
Duncan Wright, a prominent pilot.

Kellar attacked Wright for alleged un-
true statements and Wright vigorously re-
sented the assault. Kellar, for some rea-
son, abandoned the fight, and ran away
from Wright. His unceremonious flight
from the scene of battle has caused wide-
spread comment.

Kellar's friends claim he was about to be
attacked with a knife and pistol, which
occasioned his flight, but there is no posi-
tive evidence to this effect.

The harbor master trouble has been a sore
point locally for months. Council at its
last session practically annihilated the of-
fice by removing the fees, and tonight's
trouble has made the situation more dis-
agreeable to all sides than before.

A TRAMP KILLED IN A WRECK

He Was Mashed Beneath Cars of Pig
Iron.

Birmingham, Ala., June 5.—(Special.)—A
northbound freight train on the Louisville
and Nashville road, loaded with pig and
bar iron and coke, was wrecked near
Palkville, seventy miles north of here,
shortly after midnight last night.

The trucks to one of the cars gave way
and eight cars of pig iron, two cars of
bar iron and two of coke piled upon one
another. The crew of the train escaped
without injury.

An unknown white tramp met a horri-
ble death under the pig iron. Almost every
bone in his body was broken.
The remains were brought here and will
be interred by the railroad company.

SAID AUGUSTA SIGNED THEM

Was Rumored That Four Other Boys
Were Suspended.

Athens, Ga., June 5.—(Special.)—There
was a rumor afloat here today that four
members of the varsity baseball team had
signed with the Augusta team. And also
that Chancellor Boggs had suspended the
four students for leaving Athens without
permission.

The four students who played in Augusta
this week were Sanford, Matthews, Tiche-
nor and Foster. They are back home and
deny signing with Augusta, but are still
members of the Georgia team. Chancellor
Boggs was seen tonight and says that he
not only has not suspended the boys, but
that he gave them permission to go to Au-
gusta, as the trip interfered with their
studies in no respect.

Everything is in shape for the games with
Virginia.

WILL INVESTIGATE GEN. WATTS

Governor Ellerbe Names Members of
a Court of Inquiry.

Columbia, S. C., June 5.—(Special.)—Gov-
ernor Ellerbe today appointed the court of
inquiry to sit in General Watts's case. The
court will meet here on June 10th and take
the evidence.
The court consists of Brigadier General
Joseph L. Stoughton, Summerville, first
brigade of cavalry; Colonel J. G. Wardlaw,
Gaffney, third regiment of infantry; Cap-
tain Henry T. Thompson, Darlington, Dar-
lington Guards.
Senator S. G. Mayfield, of Barnwell, as
judge advocate general on the governor's
staff, will prosecute the case.
General Watts will probably have able
lawyers to defend him.

EXPECT SOMETHING LIVELY.

Governor Ellerbe Has Made Significant
Remarks.

"THEY'RE AFTER ME."



Lynch, who exposed Scruggs. He refused
to indicate further what he contemplated,
but the remark is considered very sig-
nificant.

Columbia Wants More Carriers.

Columbia, S. C., June 5.—(Special.)—A
petition signed by almost a thousand citi-
zens has been forwarded to the postmaster
general, asking the doubling of Columbia's
mail carrier forces. With eighty-six miles
of street she has four carriers.

FUNERAL OF HENRY WHITE.

It Occurred Yesterday and Was Very
Largely Attended.

Columbus, Ga., June 5.—(Special.)—The
funeral of Henry White, who died on the
gallows yesterday, occurred this afternoon
at 4 o'clock from the Church of the Holy
Father, and was conducted by Rev. Father
Schlenke, the priest who stood with him on
the scaffold and uttered to him the last
words of advice and consolation before he
was jerked into eternity.

The church was filled and the services
were highly impressive. Father Schlenke
said it was not mere "don't care" which
led the young man up to his in the last ter-
rible hours, but that his fortitude and his
courage were the result of his having ac-
cepted the Christian religion. He stated
that the confession the prisoner made to
him was unusually complete and sincere
and that the boy showed every sign of be-
ing reconciled to his death.

He had no doubt but what he would go
to heaven. At Lynwood cemetery, in the
presence of a large crowd the remains
were buried beside those of his father, and
thus the last of the terrible tragedy was
ended.

The pallbearers at the funeral were R. S.
Grier, Frank Proffum, Charles Ryckel, and
William Macauley, Gus Pacetti and John
Durkin.

The casket was adorned with beautiful
flowers.
There was nothing, of course, in the
absurd and ridiculous report circulated
freely this morning that White had been
restored to life after the hanging, an effort
at resuscitation being successful. These
reports nearly always follow on the heels of
an execution.

As stated in The Constitution, White was
dead ten minutes after the drop fell, being
so pronounced by the two physicians.

HOLD QUEEN VIC RESPONSIBLE

Irishmen Resolve Not To Celebrate
Her Jubilee.

Manchester, June 5.—A resolution calling
upon the Irish to abstain from taking part
in the diamond jubilee of Queen Victoria
was presented at the meeting of the Irish
National League here today and carried.

T. P. O'Connor remarked that nothing
could induce him to number among those
who rejoice over the reign which had been
most disastrous to Ireland.
An amendment to the resolution de-
claring that the condition of Ireland was
due not to Queen Victoria, but to the
legislation of the men selected to make the
laws, was rejected.

GALLANT NAVAL OFFICER DEAD

Rear Admiral Samuel Phillips Lee
Passes Away.

Washington, June 5.—Rear Admiral Sam-
uel Phillips Lee, United States navy, re-
tired, the last of the commanders of the
great squadron during the civil war, died
at his home at Silver Springs, near this
city, at 5 o'clock this afternoon, after a
short illness of a stroke of paralysis.

He was a Virginian by birth and a direct
descendant of Lighthorse Harry Lee, of
revolutionary fame.
Admiral Lee's war record was one of the
brightest in American naval annals.

Death of a Prominent Citizen.

Talbotton, Ga., June 5.—(Special.)—In
the death of Mr. John Pye, which occurred yester-
day at his home near Pleasant Hill, the
county has lost one of its oldest and most
prominent citizens. He leaves several
married daughters and two sons to mourn
his loss.

SHERIFF M'LAIN
IS CONDEMNED

He Is Held Responsible for the Trouble
at Urbana.

HIS WHEREABOUTS UNKNOWN

The Military Company Which Did the
Shooting Is Laying Low.

THEY ARE CONDEMNED FOR FIRING AT MOB

It Is Said That Threats Have Been
Made Against the Captain—Mitch-
ell's Body Not Yet Disposed of.

Columbus, O., June 5.—A special to The
Dispatch from Urbana says that the Ur-
bana of this morning is a very different
place from the Urbana of yesterday. The
city has resumed its normal condition and
the scene has changed entirely.

Nothing is known of the whereabouts of
Sheriff McLain and Captain Leonard. It
is the general understanding that the sher-
iff drove to Springfield, and nobody out-
side of the captain's circle of immediate
friends know where he went.

It was reported last evening that a mob
of 150 was organizing to go to Springfield
after the sheriff and such word went to
Springfield, having the effect, it is said, of
driving the sheriff off to Dayton.

He is universally condemned by the peo-
ple and held responsible for the shooting
of citizens by the militia. The citizens in-
sist that he was altogether too officious in
this matter and should have refrained from
ordering the soldiers to fire, and is con-
demned for ordering the soldiers to fire, and is the
boys of the company for firing into a crowd
of their fellow-citizens.

After their escape from the jail the mem-
bers of the company have not dared to
show their faces upon the street and many
of them have left the city. The lawyers
took a timid squad of them to Springfield.
Their troubles are not over yet. Some
of the wounded claim to know who shot
them and several thrashings are laid up.
It is reported that Smith Bell, the father
of Harry Bell, who was killed, threatens to
kill Captain Leonard on sight.

The son was an unmarried man, about
twenty years of age, and a broom maker
by occupation. Baker, the other man
killed, was about thirty-seven years old
and married. He was a farmer, being a
tenant on a farm north of the city. He
leaves a wife and five small children.

The body of "Click" Mitchell, the lynched
man who was the cause of all the trouble,
is being taken to the city. Mitchell's
body being unclaimed by relatives, was
dumped into Undertaker Humphrey's wag-
gon late in the afternoon and driven bur-
riedly away amid the jeers of the crowd
to his establishment under the supposition
that a Dr. Myers, who proved to be from
Springfield, would take it. But upon ar-
rival and consultation he decided not to
it became necessary for the authorities to
maintain great secrecy as to the place of
concealment in order to prevent the mob
from wreaking vengeance on the remains.

Threats To Burn His Body.

Threats of getting the body and burning
it were freely made.
Before being removed from the court-
house yard, the body had nearly out-
raged the crowd. The dead man. Every button
was gone and even his shoes and stockings
were taken off and carried away.

The mayor of the city, Hon. C. H. Gan-
zon, the stockman, is well known in Colum-
bia from his former connection with the
state fair and board of agriculture. He
has officiated as starter for the state fair
races and as judge several seasons. He
states that the tragedy of the night before
last and the lynching were entirely un-
called for. He urged the sheriff to get the
prisoner out of town when he was first
taken to jail, but the sheriff neglected to
do so.

The mayor states there would have been
no trouble then.

SHERIFF M'LAIN IS IN DAYTON

Urbana, Ohio, Officer Is Now Visit-
ing a Brother-in-Law.

Cincinnati, O., June 5.—A special to The
Times-Star from Dayton, O., says: Sher-
iff McLain, of Urbana, arrived in Day-
ton at 8 o'clock last evening and was
quietly conveyed to the home of his broth-
er-in-law, A. J. Weaver, on Linden avenue.
Great effort was made to keep the pres-
ence of the sheriff in this city a secret,
and even after it became known that he
was here it was with the greatest diffi-
culty that he was located. The purpose of
the secrecy, as subsequently explained, was
to avoid interviews. The sheriff is complet-
ely worn out, having had no sleep for forty-
eight hours. Early this morning he was
seen at his bedside.

In explanation of his departure from Ur-
bana he said that he left at the solicitation
of his friends, and that while he had no
personal fear, he deferred to their wishes
in the matter. Beyond this statement the
sheriff begged to be excused from talking.
Sheriff McLain left Urbana in company
with Captain Leonard, the two separating
at Springfield.

CAUGHT UNDER FALLING WALL

Store in Washington Topples Upon
the Sidewalk.

Washington, June 5.—The front of the
Boston variety store, located on Market
place, between Seventh and Eighth streets,
fell in this afternoon.

The store was undergoing repairs. It
is owned by Emmons Smith, and is per-
haps the leading place of the kind in the
city.

The walls fell outside, and it is thought
caught three persons, who were on the
pavement in front of the building.
One of them was soon rescued and taken
to the Emergency hospital. He seemed to
be quite badly hurt.

Work is in progress to rescue another
man, whose screams can be heard, and it is
believed a third person is also under the
wreck.

AMERICAN BISHOPS TO EUROPE

Five of Them Go To Take Part in the
Queen's Jubilee.

New York, June 5.—Five American bish-
ops of the Episcopal church—Underwood
Dudley, of Kentucky; Worthington, of Ne-
braska; Leonard, of Ohio; Perry, of Iowa,
and Vincent, of southern Ohio—all ac-
companied by their wives and some by
families, sailed on the Lucania today to
take part in the queen's jubilee and to take
part in the Lambeth conference. Several
other bishops sailed last week.

Among the subjects to be considered by
the college of bishops will be the revision
of marginal notes and commentaries on the
St. James Bible, a discussion on foreign
mission work and the relation of the broth-
erhood inside the church.

All the American bishops have individual
invitations to speak in the various English
churches. Bishop Worthington will preach
at St. Thomas church, Winchester, and at
Glastonbury Abbey, on invitation of the
bishop of Bath and Wells. He will also
preach at Canterbury cathedral and on the
Isle of Thanet. Bishop Dudley will preach
at Ely and Canterbury cathedral, before
the Society of the Propagation of the Gos-
pel in London, and on July 4th will speak
to Americans in St. James.

THEY WANT BARRETT RETAINED

President McKinley Receives a Tele-
gram from Bangkok.

New York, June 5.—A cablegram from
Bangkok to the Associated Press today
says that the Americans of Siam have
signed a unanimous petition asking Pres-
ident McKinley to retain John Barrett as
United States minister to Siam.
The dispatch is signed: "Hays, Bennett,
committee."

Lynchburg Firm Assigns.

Lynchburg, Va., June 5.—Simon Straus,
clothing, assigned today. Liabilities about
\$15,000. James Hancock, tobacco, also
made an assignment; liabilities \$25,000.

FATHER AND SON
DROWN TOGETHER

William Grady and His 19-Year-Old Son
Sink in the Withlacoochee River.

BOY WAS SEIZED WITH CRAMPS

Father Swam To the Rescue, but the
Son Held Him Tight.

THEY SANK IN EACH OTHER'S ARMS

Both Men Were Well Known—The
Drowning Had Several Witnesses.
Both Bodies Were Recovered.

Valdosta, Ga., June 5.—(Special.)—News
was received here today of the drowning
of Mr. William Grady and his nineteen-
year-old son in the Withlacoochee river
at a point just above what is known as
Bass fish trap.

The two men, with other members of
the family, were fishing in the river.
The lad had been swimming from one
side to the other looking for fish beds. His
father finally called him to come over to
the bank where he was sitting, and the
boy plunged into the stream to swim
across.

When about half way across the stream
he was seized with cramp and began to
call to his father to help him.

Mr. Grady plunged into the water and
began swimming out to rescue the boy.
As soon as he reached the lad, who was
struggling in the water almost crazed with
fright, the boy grabbed him with a death-
like grip and thus prevented the father
from swimming to shore with him.

The two struggled in the water a mo-
ment and then went down to rise no more.
The water was twelve feet deep where
the drowning occurred. There were other
parties near by and three boats close at
hand, but the drowning occurred so quickly
that none thought of attempting to save
the men.

A search for the bodies of the men was
instituted and both were recovered. Grady
was well known in this city, having done
most of his trading with the merchants
here.

FATHER AND SON SEEK DEATH

Elder Barnes Uses a Knife, While the
Junior Tries a Long Leap.

Toledo, O., June 5.—One of the most sen-
sational scenes ever enacted in a Lucas
county courtroom, transpired when Leslie
C. Barnes, convicted of perjury, and his
father both made desperate efforts to com-
mit suicide.

As soon as the verdict was read, Barnes's
father, who is sixty-five years old, ex-
claimed: "This is not justice."

Pulling a knife he made several desper-
ate lunges at his throat, and after a hard
struggle, during which several men were
severely cut, the elder Barnes was over-
powered.

No sooner had he been shackled than his
son started on a run for one of the win-
dows, and was about to leap to the ground,
a distance of over fifty feet, when he was
caught.

TAKEN TO COURT ON STRETCHER

Man Charged with Murder Cuts His
Throat in Jail.

Lafayette, Ind., June 5.—Charles Pinkerton,
in jail in this city on a charge of murder-
ing his son-in-law, cut his throat with a
piece of steel taken from the sole of his
shoe and whetted to an edge on the floor
of his cell.

Pinkerton was afterward brought into
court on a stretcher and in a semi-con-
scious condition, and the case was con-
tinued for two weeks to await the outcome
of his injuries.

"BACCHANTE" IS ACCEPTED.

Rejected by Boston, It Finds a Home
in New York City.

New York, June 5.—The "Bacchante,"
by Frederick Macmonnies, has been ac-
cepted by the Metropolitan Museum of
Art, and will at once be placed in the
center of the bronze room, at the east
gallery, on the first floor.

Bacchante comes to New York as the gift
of C. F. McKim, of this city, after the re-
jection of a proposition to put it in one
of the libraries of Boston.

GEORGIAN GETS A PROMOTION

Fourth-Class Clerk Is Made Chief
Clerk in the Treasurer's Office.

Washington, June 5.—W. F. Warner, of
Georgia, a fourth-class clerk in the office
of the treasurer of the United States, has
been promoted to be chief clerk in that
office, vice S. L. Bradley, removed.

SLOWEST VOYAGE ON RECORD

Java Has Been Out 212 Days from
Portland.

The Constitution.

PUBLISHED DAILY, SUNDAY AND WEEKLY.

CLARK HOWELL, Editor
W. A. HEMPHILL, Business Manager

The Morning Constitution (with Sunday) per
year \$1.00
The Morning Constitution (without Sunday) per
year \$0.80
The Weekly Constitution, per year \$1.00

We do not undertake to return rejected MSS., and
will not do so unless accompanied by return postage

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The Constitution can be found on sale at the follow-
ing places:

WASHINGTON—Metropolitan Hotel.

ACKSONVILLE—Stockton's, 209 W. Bay St.; H.
Drew & Bro.

CHICKEN—T. J. R. Hawley, 102 Vine Street.

NEW YORK—Brentano's, corner Broadway and Six-
teenth St.; The Hotel Marlborough.CHICAGO—P. O. News Company, 31 Adams Street,
Great Northern Hotel.

NEW ORLEANS—George F. Wharton.

DENVER, COLO.—Hamilton & Kirkbride.

HOUSTON, TEX.—Bottler Bros.

KANSAS CITY, MO.—Van Nooy Bros.

ATLANTA, GA., June 6, 1897.

To Kentucky's Rescue, Kentuckians!

The harmonious enthusiasm with which the democrats of Kentucky have reaffirmed and re-endorsed the principles set forth in the Chicago platform has caused our friend, Editor Henry Watterson, to flame forth in a pamphlet of two columns under the heading, "To Kentucky's Rescue, Kentuckians!" This caption describes in the most graphic manner the work of the Frankfort convention, which was an assemblage of honest, patriotic, hopeful and enthusiastic democrats, who met together for the purpose of rescuing their great state from the hands of the republicans. Kentuckians met to rescue Kentucky from a party which, aided by Clevelandism, has filled the land with business and financial wrecks and wrought commercial disaster everywhere.

The caption of Mr. Watterson's editorial article describes the purpose of the democratic convention, but it is not descriptive of the article itself, which is in the nature of a wall of woe, a protest against democracy and democratic principles and a call to those democrats who place the gold standard above party principles, to organize in behalf of that ruinous system, and in that way, turn the commonwealth more completely over to republican rule.

It is not Mr. Watterson's fault that his attack on democracy is not coherent. He is in his prime so far as his ability is concerned, but all the ability in the world cannot lend to a man who has once been an ardent democrat the art of writing coherently against his party and his party's principles. For years Mr. Watterson's newspaper was the advocate of the restoration of silver, and it did more perhaps than any other journal to open the eyes of the people as to the real nature of the issue before the people and to the necessity of saving the silver standard. Mr. Watterson was the responsible editor of the paper all this time and was, of course, responsible for its editorial policy. If it advocated one policy more ardently than another that policy was the restoration of silver to the open mints.

But now Mr. Watterson is in arms against his old companions, against his party and against the issue which his newspaper made so prominent; and he is driven to the necessity of making a fierce attack on the honesty and patriotism of the common people of Kentucky, who make up the rank and file of the democratic party in that state. It is both distressing and depressing to find a man with his gifts and qualities placed in so false a position. He cannot defend it, for all his ammunition lies on the other side of the ditch into which he has tumbled. All that he can do is to call for the disruption of the party with which he has acted so long and to denounce the democratic people of Kentucky as wild-eyed populists. It is pitiable, but inevitable.

One false step, and all the rest follow. Hence we see a man of really noble parts driven to the necessity of assailing his party and old comrades with a fury that is made more conspicuous by a gift of expression that hardly has its counterpart in the newspaper literature of the day.

Mr. Watterson goes so far as to trace the cause of the toll-gate raids and the outbreaks of republicanism in some parts of Kentucky to the democratic party and the democratic platform, intimating that the party and the platform "stigmatize as a crime the gaining and keeping of property" and invite the growth of class hatred. The democratic platform, now as always, is aimed wholly at class legislation, and the whole aim of the party is to secure the greatest good to all under the law, with special benefits to none.

But Mr. Watterson is driven to the necessity of declaring that "evil and evil-doers" have taken possession of the party in Kentucky and elsewhere, and he invites men of his belief to come and join him in an effort to destroy democracy. It is a futile and foolish crusade he has entered on. Mr. Watterson is influential only when he is standing for the right, powerful only when he is acting with the party of the people.

For, even while he was extending his

destructive invitation to the small class who have separated from the party, some of the most prominent of the gold democrats in his own city were engaged in preparing the way for their return to the party. The nominees of the old democratic committee of Louisville, which has been supplanted by a new one, held a meeting on Thursday night, and while Mr. Watterson was writing his furious attack on the party they passed resolutions submitting their candidacy to the democratic primaries to be held June 22d.

Colonel Thomas H. Sherley, a gold man of the most pronounced views, introduced a resolution declaring that "all democrats who desire to have their names voted for in November should submit their claims to the democratic primary and abide by the results. As one man, let the democrats of this city vote for its nominees and restore our city government to the administration of honest men."

As it is in Louisville, so it will be in every city and county in Kentucky, and Mr. Watterson will be left high and dry. And the democrats will win.

South American Warehouses.

From the deliberations of the international trade congress now in session in Philadelphia, it appears that the explanation of our meager trade relations with South America is found in the utter lack of any satisfactory means on the part of this country for bringing our goods to the knowledge of South American purchasers.

In order to remedy this difficulty the National Association of Manufacturers has recently brought forward a plan for the establishment of a series of commercial warehouses in the principal cities of the South American republics. Heretofore our manufacturers have contented themselves with merely sending out trade circulars and price lists; but no definite results have been realized from this method of solicitation. It is now proposed to furnish samples of our manufactured products and to let these samples speak for themselves. The warehouses to be established will be the repositories of these samples and, in effect, will be permanent exhibitions of our American products.

Undoubtedly the plan of the manufacturers' association is a good one and should be put into effect without delay. The South American republics are our nearest neighbors, besides being allied to us in other ways, and there is no reason why this country should not enjoy a liberal share of their trade at least.

The Crisis in Spain.

As predicted in these columns several days ago, a serious crisis has arrived in the affairs of Spain. The conservative ministry, weakened by the withdrawal of liberal support during the past two weeks, and wholly unable to resist the tide of popular opposition, has been forced to tender its resignation to the queen regent. It is likely that ex-Premier Sagasta within the next few days will be invited to form a liberal cabinet, and in that event, radical changes in the Spanish policy may be inaugurated.

While the action of the Spanish liberals in refusing to support longer the policy of the conservative administration dates back ostensibly to the recent personal encounter between the duke of Tetuan, late foreign minister, and Senor Comas, one of the leading members of the liberal party, the real cause of the disturbance is of much older date. When the conservative party took possession of the government, some two years ago, it was openly declared that the war in Cuba would soon be brought to a close. In order to effect this result, General Campos, who had been in charge of the Spanish forces on the island, was ordered home on account of alleged inefficiency and General Weyler substituted in his stead. General Weyler was known to be a brutal officer, and it was given out by the conservative administration that he would conduct a vigorous and decisive campaign on the island. As long as the prospect of subduing Cuba seemed at all hopeful the liberals cheerfully agreed to support the policy of the administration and to act in perfect harmony with the conservatives. In executing this pledge the liberals have certainly been faithful and no criticism of their fidelity can be indulged in by the conservative party.

For the past two years there has not been a single measure proposed by the government for the subjugation of Cuba which the liberals have not ardently supported. The atrocious tactics of General Weyler and the utter failure of his campaign to produce any substantial results, the liberal party has remained steadfast in its allegiance to the government until patience has at length ceased to be virtuous and the necessity for withdrawing the support has actually been forced upon it.

Undoubtedly the recent action of the United States senate in adopting the Morgan resolution is responsible in some measure for the attitude of the liberal party in Spain. Besides casting a shadow upon the Cuban outlook, it also gave rise to the personal difficulty between Senor Comas and the duke of Tetuan. As a result of this difficulty ex-Premier Sagasta announced that the liberal party in Spain would no longer support the conservative administration. In spite of the subsequent resignation of the duke of Tetuan from the cabinet, the liberal leader positively refused to be reconciled. As the upshot of the whole matter, the conservative government, unable to get along without the support of the liberal party, has been compelled to surrender its direction of affairs.

Of course it is barely possible that the queen regent may invite Premier Canovas to form a new conservative cabinet. In view of the recent conference with ex-Premier Sagasta, it is more than likely that she will confer the honor upon that leader. Even if her own judgment does not incline her to favor the liberal party, she can hardly ignore public sentiment, which is overwhelmingly in favor of a change of parties. While Sagasta is equally as bent upon subduing Cuba as Canovas, it is perfectly natural to suppose that the reversal of a liberal cabinet means the reversal of many of the measures relied upon by the conservatives for sub-

ducing the insurgents. If a liberal cabinet is formed General Weyler will be ordered home and General Campos substituted in his stead. Certain measures of autonomy will also be proposed, but it remains to be seen whether or not the liberal government will be any improvement over the conservative.

A Fair Proposition.

With bitter spleen republican newspapers of the country continue to assail the people of Augusta for protesting against the appointment of a negro postmaster in that city. Ignoring the sound logic on which the protest of the Augusta people is based, these papers argue with more sophistry than reason that the constitution of the United States is no respecter of persons and that the appointment of the negro postmaster should stand.

Of course it is easy enough for those who are not affected by the appointment to argue in this benevolent fashion, but let the conditions be reversed for a short time and they will view the matter somewhat differently.

Dr. M. D. Shutter, of Minneapolis.

Minneapolis, Minn., who has recently visited this section of the country, strikes the nail squarely on the head in suggesting to The Minneapolis Tribune that the experiment of appointing a negro postmaster be tried in that city. The Minneapolis Tribune is one of the most pronounced and outspoken of all the republican newspapers engaged in condemning the people of Augusta, and the suggestion made by Dr. Shutter is one which the newspaper should accept eagerly. But instead of receiving it with favor, The Tribune ignores it as something altogether irrelevant. The suggestion of Dr. Shutter is couched in the following language:

Newspaper writers tell us that the relation between the newly appointed postmaster of Augusta and the other citizens of the place will be simply a business one and involve no social recognition. They also tell us that black people who work and vote for a party ought to have some share of the appointments. Now I am a good republican and I admit that is claimed. My plan, however, would be to put this theory in practice first of all in the north. We all know that southern people, even republicans, have prejudices on the subject of race. But here in the north we all know just as well there are no such prejudices. We all love the colored people just as much as we do our own race and never, never, discriminate against them in any way. We are constantly setting our stiff necked and unregenerate brethren of the south a goodly example in our affection for the black man. Let us put this theory in practice in the north, thus leading the way to absolute political equality. For example, here in Minneapolis we have several energetic colored men who worked for McKinley during the last campaign. They are intelligent and capable. My proposition is this: As soon as the term of the present postmaster expires let us all turn in and petition the president to appoint one of these colored men to fill the vacancy. Thus shall we pour confusion upon the prejudiced citizens of Augusta, Ga. But if you are ready to do this in Minneapolis or elsewhere in the north, let us put away the sham and hypocrisy and cease of politics which insist upon reforms for other people and is always ready and willing to compel the citizens of other sections to do the square thing. Whoever is not willing to have a colored postmaster for the city of Minneapolis has no right to cast stones at the citizens of Augusta.

The foregoing suggestion of Dr. Shutter is the embodiment of sound logic, and there can be no rational objection to it. If our northern critics are not willing to submit to negro postmasters themselves, they have no right to criticize the people of Augusta for doing what they would themselves do under the same circumstances.

Tit for Tat.

Some of our northern contemporaries betray some concern at the address recently issued by the United Confederate Veterans of Camp Pelham, at Annapolis, Md.; more concerned, we are afraid, than the profession of history, and we are sure that he had written a sectional school history, as the result of a contract made with the Grand Army of the Republic.

The address of Camp Pelham was undoubtedly prompted by the movement inaugurated under cover of the authority of the Grand Army of the Republic to prepare a sectional history of the civil war, the avowed purpose of which was to misrepresent the south. It was intended as an answer to that movement. The address is just as sensible and as patriotic as the movement that prompted it. It weighs just as much on the scales and will fit into the same hole.

But we have no hesitation in saying that the action of the Annapolis veterans no more represents the rank and file of the confederate veterans, nor the prevailing sentiment of the southern people than the purpose of McMaster's school history represents the feelings of union veterans or the sentiment of the people of the north generally. It is a case of tit for tat, and the tit amounts to no more than the tat.

During the past few years the fact has been abundantly shown that fraternal reunions of the old soldiers on both sides are pleasing to all sensible people in all parts of the country, and no more so than to the south and the confederate veterans. Whenever and wherever the old soldiers meet sentiments of friendship and fraternalization at once make themselves manifest.

This has been nowhere more completely shown than in Atlanta, where the reunion and fraternalization of union and confederate veterans has been an informal, but a conspicuous feature of our various expositions during the past ten years. Among the episodes of the late Cotton States exposition none were more pleasing than those in which the veterans of the two armies were brought, recounting the stormy days when they met in conflict and pledging loyalty to the flag of the union, under which they were declining years they were marching hand in hand to the destiny that will know and recognize only the brotherhood of man.

The Annapolis veterans took the McMaster history episode too seriously, and this accounts for their address, in which they suggest that fraternal reunions are not desirable. They were led to believe that the engagement of Professor McMaster to write a history which would be purposely and avowedly sectional and in which the school chil-

dren of the north would be taught to do injustice to the south and its heroes by a process of careful elimination of even an impartial statement of such facts as might be construed to the credit of the southern participants in the war, had the approval of the Grand Army of the Republic and of the sentiment of the northern people. Instead of that, the most vigorous protests against a sectional history came from the northern newspapers and from the most prominent of the leading veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic.

If the address of the Annapolis veterans is extreme, it is not more extreme than the effort to launch an avowedly sectional history under the auspices of the Grand Army of the Republic is the negro question, which does not meet the approval of the conservative sentiment of the Grand Army of the Republic any more than the action of the Annapolis veterans meets the approval of the prevailing sentiment of the south.

From Major Hanson.

Major J. F. Hanson, of Macon, clipping the editorial in Thursday's Constitution, which refers to The Macon Telegraph as his newspaper, writes The Constitution as follows:

In reply, I desire to say that I am not the manager or editor of The Telegraph. Neither do I own, nor have I owned, a share in its stock for many years, which fact please take notice. I am not concerned about the kind of democracy represented by either The Constitution or The Telegraph. I do not desire to be burdened by The Telegraph by reason of my political convictions, nor do I ask any favors at its hands. If I wanted the paper and its staff to pay for it, I would buy it; and I can assure you that I would unhesitatingly advocate through its columns the doctrines and principles that I believe to be right. In some things I agree with both The Constitution and The Telegraph, while in many others I differ from both. I have nothing to do with either their principles or controversies. I regard democracy as nothing more than a prejudice. The only excuse the party, as represented by the Chicago platform, offers for its attitude is the negro question, and yet it appeals to the negro vote. It has been made a political strumpet by a lot of consciousness procurers, and knows neither its own principles nor its own duty. I would not profess to be a democrat anywhere, and The Telegraph would make no such profession if I owned or managed or controlled it. Respectfully,

J. F. HANSON.

It will be observed that while Major Hanson disclaims the ownership of The Telegraph, he does not disavow his control of the paper. It is a fact well known in Macon, as well as elsewhere, that Major Hanson played a conspicuous part in the reorganization of The Telegraph company, directing the negotiations by which the company, as at present organized, obtained possession of the property.

That Major Hanson disclaims ownership of the property is perfectly natural, as he is not, technically, its possessor, though, as the directing influence in its reorganization, his connection with it is generally recognized. The Constitution has cordial personal regard for Major Hanson, and since there had to be a republican cabinet, we wanted to see him in it; and we believe that had he been appointed his service would have been an improvement over that of some of the other presidential advisers now on duty.

The Telegraph has assumed virtually the same position by violently assailing the party organization, attacking the national platform and throwing the party of discord in the ranks of the party whenever and wherever possible. This is the Telegraph's privilege, and because it avails itself of it, why The Constitution and other democratic newspapers advise that its opinion in party matters be not deferred to.

Every democratic newspaper in the south is in favor of the recognition of the regular party organization, and only those democratic newspapers, or democratic voters who prove their democracy by accepting the time-honored tradition of the party—that the majority rule can be reckoned as democratic advisers.

Six thousand five hundred democrats more than ever before voted for a democratic candidate for president—have said at the ballot box that the national platform of the democratic platform adopted at Chicago is the test of democratic loyalty. By their verdict the party of the south, who, claiming to be democrats, are attempting to array the party against its platform and its recognized organization, are bushwhackers and Ishmaelites.

The Constitution prefers not to discuss questions of party policy with other than democratic papers. Democrats will settle their own affairs among themselves, and when they meet the common enemy they will discuss with them the issues involved, and at such time and under such conditions The Constitution will, if necessary, address its attention to The Telegraph.

In the meantime it will pardon us for refusing to be drawn into a controversy with any but democratic newspapers as to questions of party policy.

Mr. Hanna is preparing to put on his blouse. Engagements in Ohio prevent him from "throttling" the senate. But the senate's time is sure to come.

We haven't heard from Colonel Hobart lately. He was the man who proposed to reform the senate.

It will hardly do for senators to claim that their official position prevents them from taking notice of the charges of newspaper correspondents. James Creelman has made charges against the finance committee and says he stands ready to prove them.

Mr. Tom Reed has written a magazine article entitled "How the House Does Business." A very foolish title, considering the fact that the house doesn't do business.

Isn't this the season for Uncle Joe Medill to sow alfalfa in Chicago?

Our friend Henry Watterson is preparing to make himself very lonesome politically.

Somehow or other the senate is preparing not to look into the sugar business.

A SUNDAY SYMPHONY.

Little Ellen.

(The wail buried from the Barclay Mission.)

Ended—the strife and the trouble of life:

From the gloom and the gleam to the peace of a dream.

Over a silent and shadowy stream To the peace of a dream!

To the peace of a dream! . . . Fold the hands over the breast—

That way—ah, that way that you clasp for their rest

The hands that a mother hath kissed and caressed—

That way clasp Ellen's.

No angels looked on her through curtains of lace—

A wail, doomed to roam;

But she dreamed the last dream in Loye's tender embrace,

And still in the last smile that brightened her face

Were visions of Home!

Farewell to the strife and the trouble of life.

Little Ellen!

From the gloom and the gleam to the peace of a dream.

Over a silent and shadowy stream To the peace of a dream!

When the chaplain of the Illinois legislature offers a prayer it is generally greeted with "great applause." It must be pleasing to a preacher to have his work recognized in that way. Recently, while a Georgia minister was praying, a man in the rear of the church clapped his hands repeatedly and shouted. After service the minister said to a member standing near: "I must have prayed with great power today, for some one shouted, and I heard a happy clapping of hands."

"That," said the member, "was the work of a poor, crazy fellow, who slipped into church and happened to be awake during service. It was impossible to keep him quiet."

Ten lynchings occurred in the north last year. Brethren, this thing must stop. Without respect for law, we can never hope to be a great people.

"Money Ain't All."

Grandmother's always a-sayin' to me;

"Money ain't all!"

For some of the rich one's that's blest with a heap

Would be glad of the sleep that the poor people sleep;

The Lord has us all in His care an' His keep;

"Money ain't all!"

Grandmother's always a-sayin' to me;

"Money ain't all!"

As long as I've dear ones to cling to me—so,

With lips that on my lips their kisses bestow,

And arms like a necklace around me—I know

"Money ain't all!"

After the recent earthquake shock an old North Carolina negro summed up as follows:

"Why dat war only de Lord a whisperin' to de people, an' see how it shuck de air!"

Whar's we gwine ter be when He speaks out in thunder tones?"

Some of the poets who are at sea for a subject can find in pretty a poem as they wish in that old fellow's text:

A colored parson was preaching a sermon on "Hell," and he concluded as follows:

"Some folks say dat hell's somewhar in de sun. I ain't got no 'pinion 'bout dat, an' I ain't gwine ter discuss it. All I know is dis: Whinever hell is, it's too hot for me!"

Georgia is not one whit behind other states in odd obituary notices. The following is said to have been taken from a headboard in an old cemetery:

"You that shall pass this way,

"Keep tears upon my clay

Until the judgment day."

"The wife, the good, the great,

My children—(twenty-eight).

"While hope within them thrives

Let my remaining wives

Pray for me all their lives."

The epitaphs spoke right there, and leaves the reader in doubt as to whether the deceased was a Mormon, or just an ordinary American bigamist.

A Doubter in the Fold.

De 'gator eat de 'gator.

De 'sturgeon eat de perch;

De perch, he take de minnow in;

Now, how dat go, in church?

De heathen say: "I hongry;

De 'yef de 'yef de 'yef de 'yef;

He eat de missionary up;

Now, how dat go, in church?

It's trouble, trouble, trouble;

You 't met up de 'yef de 'yef;

I hopes de Lawd 't make de 'yef;

Dese 'fings on judgment Day;

A bishop of the Methodist church was preaching a sermon on the vanity of dress, and incidentally alluded to people who wore velvet and gold ornaments. After the sermon a distinguished member of his conference approached him and said:

"Now, bishop, I know you were striking at me, for I have on a velvet vest and a heavy watch chain!"

The bishop smiled, passed his hand over the vest, touched the chain and then said, with a merry twinkle in his eye:

"No, really, brother E., for the vest you wear is only cotton velvet, and I am half persuaded that your watch chain is brass!"

Talking about sympathy for Cuba, a beautiful American girl said the other day:

"I made a flag for Cuba and sent a sweet heart there to wave it in the breeze."

"And he was slain in battle!" exclaimed a chorus of enthusiastic admirers.

"Oh, dear—no!" replied the beautiful girl. "He just went there and waged it, and came home. He had a limited return ticket!"

Russell Sage says: "Business is not brisk, but decided." At least, Russell has decided it that way. Sage talk, that!

Will N. Harben is now doing the best work of his life, and the critics are becoming kind to him. And this is in the face of the fact that he writes three novels a year.

A western exchange says that Riley "has taken the platform again."

Well, he can have that, or anything else he wants. He deserves everything.

F. L. S.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE

The University and Women.

Editor Constitution—An eminent educator, whose able letter I hope to publish later, has called our attention to section 11 of the charter of the university, which reads: "The trustees shall not exclude any person of any religious denomination from person of any religious denomination from person of any religious denomination, education, or from any of the liberties, privileges and immunities of the university."

These wise old fathers had prophetic vision of the day when the women of Georgia would demand equal educational privileges with the men, and therefore framed the charter of the great alma mater of the state so as to admit them without the necessity of changing its provisions.

The wise and liberal spirit of Oglethorpe seems to have been transmitted to the legislators who framed this charter. Their charter: "It should, therefore, be among the first objects of those who wish well to the national prosperity to encourage and support the principles of religion and morality." Where is the "godless" university?

They were patriots. Hear this: "Sending them abroad to other communities will not answer these purposes, as too humiliating an acknowledgment of the ignorance or inferiority of our own, and will always be the cause of so great a loss of respect for the university as to make it inadvisable." Yet for 112 years the young women of Georgia have been forced to go beyond her borders for the highest educational advantages.

The charter constantly speaks of "the youth," not of young men, or boys, or males. A number of the trustees say that only the legislature has the right to admit women as students in the university. The charter says nothing of the kind. It excludes any person of any religious denomination," etc.

It is true that section 2 and section 11 provide that all statutes, laws and ordinances for the government of the university, or "whatsoever public measures necessary for accomplishing these great and important designs" shall be subject to the general assembly. "To be repealed or disallowed as the general assembly may think proper."

But it seems to us that the question of the right of admission to the daughters of Georgia to her higher institutions of learning is settled by section 11 of the charter.

MRS. ROBERT EMORY PARK.

Chairman Committee on Education Georgia Federation of Women's Clubs.

Macon, June 4, 1897.

The First Railroad.

Editor Constitution—Which was the first railroad built in the United States?

Gridley Bryant, a civil engineer in 1828, projected the first railroad in the United States. It was built for the purpose of carrying granite from the quarries of Quincy, Mass., to the nearest seaport. Its length was four miles, including bridges, and its first cost \$500,000. The sleepers were of stone and were laid across the track eight feet apart. Upon rails of wood, six inches thick, wrought iron shoes were spiked, and a quarter of an inch thick, were spiked. At the crossings stone rails were used, and as the wooden rails became unserviceable they were replaced by others of stone.

The Fly Season.

Editor Constitution—Fly time has come again, and I want some remedy.

The leaves of the coffee nut tree, often called Kentucky coffee tree, if macerated with fresh and sweetened, make a deadly poison for house flies. The leaves of the green leaves of the elder bush (sambucus canadensis) will instantly expel the larvae (maggots) of any blow fly from a sore or other festering wound. The leaves may be received for service by the use of green elder leaves will instantly remove every one it touches.

The Increase of Exports.

Editor Constitution—Are the south Atlantic ports growing in business?

Marietta, Ga., June 3, 1897.

The increase of exports of the entire country for nine months ending March 31, 1897, was 23.6 per cent over those for the same months of the preceding year. Of this increase 28 per cent was credited to southern ports and only 13 per cent from the north Atlantic ports. This wonderful increase in the export trade of the southern ports is a very important feature of commercial circles. The increased foreign demand for American products comes largely from Mexico and the South and Central American countries, and the shortest lines of shipment are through the southern ports; but these ports also show a large increased export to European countries that formerly patronized the north Atlantic ports almost exclusively.

BOARD HAS MIND OF ITS OWN

Its Career by Declaring Its
Independence of Old Board.

DOWN OLD MINUTES

Lucas & Co.
ur Money"

WANTS AN EXAMINATION MADE

Should the Body Desire, He Says, All
Books and Records Will Be Fur-
nished to It—What He Says.

"The doors of the university will be
thrown open to the special committee of
investigation from the house."

This was the expression of Colonel N. J.

Hammond, president of the board of uni-
versity trustees of the University of Georgia.

He referred to the report that the uni-
versity would oppose the investigation upon
the ground that the house committee was
without authority.

"In no sense do we care to oppose the
committee," continued Colonel Hammond.

"Should the state care to examine we in-
vite the examination, and we will assist
the members of the committee in every
way possible. Our books will be open to
them; our records will be placed within
their reach, and nothing will be left un-
done to give the committee full access to
any information it desires."

"There will not be the slightest objec-
tion to the examination upon any depart-
ment of the institution. The doors will be
thrown open to every member and we will
ask them to come in and make the most
thorough examination possible."

This is the opinion of President Ham-
mond, and he voices the sentiment of the
entire board of trustees.

Mr. Blalock and his committee will have
full way as far as the university is con-
cerned, and the reported opposition will not
materialize.

The Blalock committee will begin work
tomorrow morning. At 10 o'clock the com-
mittee will meet at the state capital, where
the examination to be conducted will be
outlined.

It is thought that the committee will get
upon all of the statehouse depart-
ments and after completing their inspection
in this quarter, proceed to the penitentiary
department, inspecting all the convict
camps and looking into all the expenditures
of state funds.

Mr. Blalock states that his fight is one
for retrenchment. He believes that the
policy of the state has been too liberal in
regard to certain departments, and thinks
that by a careful survey of the field some
money may be found whereby the expenses
can be cut down.

He disclaims that he is making a fight
on any institution, but states that should
it be found that there was anything culpable
in the administration of any of the
state institutions the fact would be
immediately reported by the committee and
action taken.

"I did not state in my remarks when the
resolution was passed," said Mr. Blalock,
"that I would make no fight upon any de-
partment. I may have said that I did not
charge any crookedness in any of the de-
partments, but I shall make a fight should
I find anything wrong."

"We shall take up each department as
we come to it. Should we be met with op-
position, as suggested, of course, we will
not push the matter. We will not ask to
examine any department which refuses to
admit us, nor will we take to the courts
on the question. What we are searching
for is information for the people, and be-
yond this we have no object."

"Should the officials of the university
see fit to stop us we will retire. I know
that we have positively no idea of making
any fight upon the institution."

Mr. Blalock's committee will get together
today, and will probably remain in session
for some weeks.

The Book of Fate.

I read, sweetheart, one evening,
In a dream of joy late,
From a grand and spacious volume,
The wondrous book of fate.

Upon its charming pages
My eyes were pleased to rest;
Sweetheart, it made the future
So bright and manifest.

The sweetest rose of pleasure,
Sweetheart, did seem to grow,
And all the founts of gladness
With music seemed to flow.

For life with joy was beaming
Like morning on the sea,
And I, sweetheart, was dreaming
When I would live with thee.

But when I read the passage
Which said that we must part,
My fondest hope was blighted,
And broken was my heart.

My soul was sorely troubled,
And sorrowful my state;
I closed the hated volume
And cursed the book of fate.

JOSEPH W. HUMPHRIES.

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WILL OPEN DOORS TO THE COMMITTEE

University Will Not Oppose the Blalock
Committee.

PRESIDENT HAMMOND TALKS
Head of Board of Trustees Declares the
Committee Is Welcome.

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HEIRS FILE SUIT TO RECOVER LAND

Estate Valued at \$150,000 a Bone of
Contention.

A BIG LEGAL FIGHT IS ON
Property Is Located Near the City Ad-
joining Soldiers' Home.

WAS ONCE OWNED BY WILLIAM TERRELL
Possession of the Property Is Now
Claimed by W. C. Gill and Mrs.
Lucy Wilson.

The largest ejectment suit ever placed on
record in Fulton county was filed late yester-
day afternoon in the clerk's office.

The suit involves property located ad-
joining the soldiers' home, which is valued
at \$150,000. The property is claimed by
Hester Ford, Coleman Ford, Mary Jane
Johnson, William Terrell and a number of
others who allege that they are entitled to
it as the heirs of William Terrell, who
left a will. The property is claimed to be
a remainder under this will and the
fight that has just been inaugurated in the
courts by the filing of the suit promises
to become famous before the end is reached,
as the vast amount of property will be
bitterly contested for by those who now
claim possession.

Many years ago Mr. William Terrell, a
wealthy farmer of DeKalb county, secured
the property which is now being contested
for. In 1861 Mr. Terrell died, leaving a
will, providing that a life estate in the
property go to his heirs and that the re-
mainder go to the very persons who are
the plaintiffs in the ejectment suit which
was filed yesterday.

The suit is brought by Attorneys Peter
F. Smith, E. M. and G. F. Mitchell, of At-
lanta, and Oscar Reese and J. M. McBride,
of Carrollton. It is alleged that the prop-
erty, which is now held by W. C. Gill and
Mrs. Lucy Wilson, is held illegally and
that the right of possession should be de-
livered to the plaintiffs in the present suit
for ejectment. The suit is filed in the su-
perior court and represents one of the
largest claims that has ever been sued for
in this county.

The property is located in the eastern
suburbs of the city. It is adjoining the
soldiers' home property and is a very val-
uable. When the soldiers home property was
purchased it is said an effort was made
by the present holders of the Terrell prop-
erty to sell their land to the home com-
mittee, but this was declined and the title
did not pass. The property is occupied
by various persons and is improved to a
considerable extent, but the most of it is
in woods and cultivation. It is just beyond
the city limits, and although it was
purchased by William Terrell at an insig-
nificant amount, it has since multiplied in
value and the entire tract did not originally
cost more than one acre of the property
is now worth.

The legal fight will be made upon the
provisions of the will of William Terrell,
and the plaintiffs declare that they are
entitled to the remainder under the terms
of the will and last testament of old man
Terrell.

IN THE CHIMNEY.

That Is Where Two Brave Men
Work.

Messrs. Patty and Green, so well
and favorably known as special spot detectives,
have been doing excellent work in some of
the residences out on Peachtree. These
gentlemen, with headquarters at 180 Hun-
nutt street, are professional chimney
sweepers and are artists in their line. They
guarantee their work to be first-class, and
that in doing it no soot or dust will get
on carpets or furniture.

Saborn H. Dunston, Athens, Ga.

Athens, Ga., June 5.—(Special.)—Mr. Sa-
born H. Dunston died at his home in this
city yesterday after a long illness. His re-
mains were interred this afternoon.

LAST CHANCE.

Colquitt Hill lots are
going fast; 75c to \$3.00
per week. Come quick if
you want one. Free tick-
ets at 8 E. Wall street.

Keep an eye on Colquitt
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PAIR GRADUATES RECEIVE DIPLOMAS

Brilliant Commencement of the Georgia
Female Seminary.

THE HISTORY OF THE SCHOOL
New Auditorium Is a Tribute to
Gainesville's Generosity.

WHAT HAS BEEN DONE IN THE PAST
The Future of the Seminary Is Re-
plete with Indications of Pro-
nounced Prosperity.

Of all the educational institutions in
Georgia there is none that has a history
of growth and progress so remarkable as
that of the Georgia Female Seminary, of
Gainesville. From the village school this
magnificent institution has grown into
strength and prominence, now ranking
among the best colleges of the south, send-
ing its influences and educational light into
every southern state.

Gradual but certain has been the growth
of the institution until the faculty has been
increased, the buildings enlarged and the
number of students that has been enrolled
now represents all the states which are con-
tiguous to its territory. Graduates from
every section of the south have left the
college to occupy high positions in life and
assume responsible duties of womanhood.

The closing exercises of the seminary
were indeed brilliant and the high degree
of efficiency attained by the young ladies
of the school was but a plain demonstration
of the fact that the college has long since
passed its infancy and is now in the front
rank of educational institutions in the south
for women.

So pronounced has been the success of
the Georgia Female Seminary that The La-
dies Home Journal, recognizing the work
of the institution and its great prosperity,
has placed it upon the list of colleges to
which it proposes to send young ladies who
secure a certain number of subscribers to
the great publication—a tribute which in
itself needs not to be commented upon.

The success of the Georgia Female Se-
minary has come as the reward of earnest
toil and painstaking care and preparation.
It has not been sudden or without founda-
tion. The college has never enjoyed a boom
or any special season of unusual prosper-
ity, but its growth has come steadily and
is based upon a conservative foundation.

Today the new auditorium, spacious and
perfect in its arrangements, stands as a
monument to the labor and energy of Pro-
fessor A. W. Van Hoose and Professor H.
Pearce, the seminary's presidents. The
buildings and dormitories have been con-
structed with especial attention and con-
sideration for the purpose for which they
were to be used, and it is probable that no
college in the state is better prepared for
the prosecution of its great work than the
Georgia Female Seminary.

The history of the Georgia Female Se-
minary is an interesting chapter in the edu-
cational volume of the state. The school
has been long established, gradually reach-
ing higher and higher, lengthening its cords
and strengthening its stakes, broadening
and enlarging its field of usefulness.

It is now just ten years since Professor
Van Hoose, then a very young man, was
elected president to succeed Dr. W. C.
Wilkes, who had died in March, 1886. The
new president was a man of great energy
and was nothing less than a progressive about
the seminary at that time, and the best
friends of Professor Van Hoose declared
that he made a great mistake in accepting
the presidency of the school. But he saw
that of all places in Georgia, Gainesville,
by reason of its magnificent location, its
pure water and its absolute freedom from
the malaria of any kind, was best fitted to
be the home of a great educational institution.
He saw that the first thing to be done was
to inspire confidence in the success of the

institution in the minds and hearts of his
people. This he did by employing the
best of teachers, doing thorough work, and
making many needed improvements in the
grounds and buildings.

For seven years Professor Van Hoose
was in full control of the seminary; the
patronage of the school had increased from
twenty-five pupils at the beginning to 200;
the boarding department, which numbered
only two at the beginning, had now more
than fifty young ladies within its walls.

At this time Professor Van Hoose met
Professor H. J. Pearce, of Columbus, who
was just making overtures to the people
of that city to co-operate with him in
founding a female college. After some ne-
gotiations, Professor Van Hoose sold to
Professor Pearce one-half interest in the
seminary, of which Professor Van Hoose
had recently become sole owner. The
money which Professor Pearce paid for this
interest in the school was put into
buildings at once, the seminary was re-
newed and what is generally conceded to be
the handsomest home for girls in the south.
For three years now Professors Van Hoose
and Pearce have labored together as co-
partners in this great school. During
that time there has been absolutely no fric-
tion between them, each laboring to make
the seminary the greatest of southern col-
leges.

The New Auditorium.

But recently the new auditorium was de-
dicated and was used during the present
commencement for the first time. The
structure is large and of substantial con-
struction, comfortably and handsomely fur-
nished and arranged, making one of the
most elaborate buildings in the state for
educational purposes.

The building is of stone and brick, four
stories high, containing a magnificent
auditorium, seating 1,200 people, and furnished
with opera chairs; the stage is 42x60 feet;
the floor is arranged in opera house
style, having balcony, dress circle, parquet,
boxes, etc. No school in all the south will
compare with this; then there are thirty-
five rooms for the students, a splendid
cathedral and the enterprises of the
campus, a beautiful art gallery, a splendid
gymnasium and a large physical and chem-
ical laboratory.

In the basement is a natatorium or swim-
ming pool 5x55 feet and five feet deep, the
water in which is heated by pipes running
from the steam boiler. Here, also, is the
tennis alley for physical exercise. The
campus, too, is being beautified, and a
lovelier spot than this cannot be found in
Georgia.

The citizens of Gainesville liberally re-
sponded to the subscription list which was

raised in the construction of the auditori-
um, and Dr. J. W. Bailey, the physician
of the seminary and the friend of perhaps
every mother in the state, gave the semi-
nary \$1,000 and many other large donations
were given for the purpose of fully equip-
ping the college.

The Seminary as a Home.

While there is nothing lacking in the
equipment of the seminary for thorough
educational work, perhaps its strongest
claim to public sympathy and patronage
is the beautiful home life afforded its
pupils. The home department is beauti-
fully furnished, heated by steam, supplied
with hot and cold baths and other com-
forts and conveniences. Everything that
will tend to develop a young girl into a
Christian woman is done; "strong in health,
strong in intellect, strong in character," is
the motto of the school, and right success-
ful is the management in carrying out this
motto. In this they are greatly aided by
the presence and influence of "Father and
Mother Van Hoose," who, while their heads
are white with the frost of many winters,
have hearts that are young and full of
love to schoolgirls.

Then there is the matron, Mrs. Merritt,
who is a mother to every girl under her
charge. She looks tenderly after their wants,
and out of the hundred girls here now, you
cannot find one who is not devoted to her.

Mrs. Evans, the lady principal, is another
one of the factors which give the semi-
nary its strength. Her management of the
school is kind and gentle and yet so firm that
when Mrs. Evans says that this or that
must not be done, all understand and act
accordingly.

It is the desire of the seminary to sur-
round its girls with religious influences,
and hence it endeavors to give to them, in
each teacher, a safe, intellectual and
moral guide.

Last Week's Brilliant Close.

One of the largest and most brilliant
commencements in the history of the semi-
nary occurred last week when the young
ladies of the graduating class tendered
essays and said goodbye to their alma
mater.

The address of Hon. John Temple Graves
was a gem of oratory, and he captivated
his audience by the beauty of his language
and the force of his reasoning. He was
ladies, giving them friendly and sound
advice. Mr. Graves said he had
watched the progress of the seminary for
ten years, and was glad to note that each
year marked an increase in patronage and
advancement. He said that while he came from
a school center, he was compelled to ac-
knowledge that the Georgia Female Se-
minary had won the laurels over all other colleges, and that
wherever men were gathered together
during this commencement season the
praises of the generosity of the people of
Gainesville and the enterprises of the
campus, a beautiful art gallery, a splendid
gymnasium and a large physical and chem-
ical laboratory.

The seminary is not bounded by state lines,
as there are pupils from every state in the
south whose names appear upon the rolls
of the school.

The curriculum is high, music and art
being given special care and attention.
The faculty is composed of educators of
great ability and who are capable of in-
structing the young ladies in every branch
of collegiate study. The new pipe organ
in position and the orchestra of the
seminary is one of the best in the south.

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It has not been sudden or without founda-
tion. The college has never enjoyed a boom
or any special season of unusual prosper-
ity, but its growth has come steadily and
is based upon a conservative foundation.

Today the new auditorium, spacious and
perfect in its arrangements, stands as a
monument to the labor and energy of Pro-
fessor A. W. Van Hoose and Professor H.
Pearce, the seminary's presidents. The

from the depo

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE

D. Morrison, 47 East Hunter St.

1 AM BUSY every day exchanging business with the public, and I can afford to sell you a house for as little as from \$500 up to \$3,000 on my easy payment plan, and I expect to continue to do so for some time. I have a number of houses that I can pay \$10 and upward per month, and I can help you to make them your home. I have a number of houses that I can make a specialty of, and I can make the real estate business, I wish to have you call on me, and I will show you the money, or money that is only paying 5 per cent. Who are willing to pay bare necessities, and I will show you the money, I therefore offer the following that must sell at once:

\$200. Good of 7 rooms: new and modern; beautiful lot; close to the city center; neighborhood. Terms \$50 cash, balance in 12 months. Call on L. C. Stacy, 17 Woodward avenue.

4-R. H. to suit. Also good 4-r. 17 room house, all of the buildings are in good condition. Call on L. C. Stacy, 17-12 foot alley, fronts near in on Mitchell street. Rents for \$24 per month.

TWO NEW HOUSES on two corners with plenty of room for another house. Call on L. C. Stacy, 17 Woodward. White tenants at \$10 per month, which

BUY YOU ABOUT 16 PER CENT ON YOUR INVESTMENT.

MONEY TO LOAN AT 6 1/2 AND 8 PER CENT.

HERE IS A BIG LITTLE BARGAIN! One of the best some one! It will pay from 12 to 15 per cent on the corner of Mangum and Rock streets, on lots 50x100, curbing and sidewalks down to the street, with a new 1000 gallon water tank. The price is \$1450 before the store will be built. We will sell it with the tank for \$1500. If you want to see the house, call on me; cash will buy it for \$1,000.

IF THE READER HAS \$400 STOP ON CASH! You can buy a nice high lot 50x100, on Sixth street, with a new 1000 gallon water tank. The price is \$1450 before the store will be built. We will sell it with the tank for \$1500. If you want to see the house, call on me; cash will buy it for \$1,000.

IF YOU INTERESTS YOU, CALL SOON.

AND ONE I-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-100-101-102-103-104-105-106-107-108-109-110-111-112-113-114-115-116-117-118-119-120-121-122-123-124-125-126-127-128-129-130-131-132-133-134-135-136-137-138-139-140-141-142-143-144-145-146-147-148-149-150-151-152-153-154-155-156-157-158-159-160-161-162-163-164-165-166-167-168-169-170-171-172-173-174-175-176-177-178-179-180-181-182-183-184-185-186-187-188-189-190-191-192-193-194-195-196-197-198-199-200-201-202-203-204-205-206-207-208-209-210-211-212-213-214-215-216-217-218-219-220-221-222-223-224-225-226-227-228-229-230-231-232-233-234-235-236-237-238-239-240-241-242-243-244-245-246-247-248-249-250-251-252-253-254-255-256-257-258-259-260-261-262-263-264-265-266-267-268-269-270-271-272-273-274-275-276-277-278-279-280-281-282-283-284-285-286-287-288-289-290-291-292-293-294-295-296-297-298-299-300-301-302-303-304-305-306-307-308-309-310-311-312-313-314-315-316-317-318-319-320-321-322-323-324-325-326-327-328-329-330-331-332-333-334-335-336-337-338-339-340-341-342-343-344-345-346-347-348-349-350-351-352-353-354-355-356-357-358-359-360-361-362-363-364-365-366-367-368-369-370-371-372-373-374-375-376-377-378-379-380-381-382-383-384-385-386-387-388-389-390-391-392-393-394-395-396-397-398-399-400-401-402-403-404-405-406-407-408-409-410-411-412-413-414-415-416-417-418-419-420-421-422-423-424-425-426-427-428-429-430-431-432-433-434-435-436-437-438-439-440-441-442-443-444-445-446-447-448-449-450-451-452-453-454-455-456-457-458-459-460-461-462-463-464-465-466-467-468-469-470-471-472-473-474-475-476-477-478-479-480-481-482-483-484-485-486-487-488-489-490-491-492-493-494-495-496-497-498-499-500-501-502-503-504-505-506-507-508-509-510-511-512-513-514-515-516-517-518-519-520-521-522-523-524-525-526-527-528-529-530-531-532-533-534-535-536-537-538-539-540-541-542-543-544-545-546-547-548-549-550-551-552-553-554-555-556-557-558-559-560-561-562-563-564-565-566-567-568-569-570-571-572-573-574-575-576-577-578-579-580-581-582-583-584-585-586-587-588-589-590-591-592-593-594-595-596-597-598-599-600-601-602-603-604-605-606-607-608-609-610-611-612-613-614-615-616-617-618-619-620-621-622-623-624-625-626-627-628-629-630-631-632-633-634-635-636-637-638-639-640-641-642-643-644-645-646-647-648-649-650-651-652-653-654-655-656-657-658-659-660-661-662-663-664-665-666-667-668-669-670-671-672-673-674-675-676-677-678-679-680-681-682-683-684-685-686-687-688-689-690-691-692-693-694-695-696-697-698-699-700-701-702-703-704-705-706-707-708-709-710-711-712-713-714-715-716-717-718-719-720-721-722-723-724-725-726-727-728-729-730-731-732-733-734-735-736-737-738-739-740-741-742-743-744-745-746-747-748-749-750-751-752-753-754-755-756-757-758-759-760-761-762-763-764-765-766-767-768-769-770-771-772-773-774-775-776-777-778-779-780-781-782-783-784-785-786-787-788-789-790-791-792-793-794-795-796-797-798-799-800-801-802-803-804-805-806-807-808-809-810-811-812-813-814-815-816-817-818-819-820-821-822-823-824-825-826-827-828-829-830-831-832-833-834-835-836-837-838-839-840-841-842-843-844-845-846-847-848-849-850-851-852-853-854-855-856-857-858-859-860-861-862-863-864-865-866-867-868-869-870-871-872-873-874-875-876-877-878-879-880-881-882-883-884-885-886-887-888-889-890-891-892-893-894-895-896-897-898-899-900-901-902-903-904-905-906-907-908-909-910-911-912-913-914-915-916-917-918-919-920-921-922-923-924-925-926-927-928-929-930-931-932-933-934-935-936-937-938-939-940-941-942-943-944-945-946-947-948-949-950-951-952-953-954-955-956-957-958-959-960-961-962-963-964-965-966-967-968-969-970-971-972-973-974

of 1,000 feet. There is a large barn
fifty feet by 75 feet. Fine orchard of
fruit; five acres in branches, bottom
acres in original forest; fronting on Gr
road. Soil is sandy, but the top is
sub-soil and most of it in a high st
condition. Three years ago the ow
refused to sell for \$25,000.00, but
can on reasonable terms if taken at
at once.

40-ACRE mineral lot right in the gold
near Dahlonega, in Lumpkin coun
Georgia. The owner has a fine
gold miner of that section, and has
for this lot several years ago. At that
time he did not know the value of
it is different, as she needs money and
is authorized me to sell at once; cash,
and a good title.

QUEEN'S JUBILEE is all right, but
genuine happiness you ought to have
with a good husband, and to let
yourself from the last week on my easy-
ment plan. If the reader is still pa
ment, let me tell you that I have
the best time, and my office is in
pleasure. I have a good time, and
Write or call soon. D. Morrison, real
estate, renting and loan agent, 7 East Hu

G. J. Dallas, 19 S. Broad Street
 2 acres on Georgia railroad; long front
 19 1/2 ft. to 20 ft. deep; good soil; very
 stable and good young orchard; with
 change for renting property; good
 place for the house; 20 ft. deep; 20
 ft. street; 20 stores, stable, on belgian
 street; will rent for \$30 month; cheap
 and good.

10 acres, all in grove, just 4 miles out, on
 the Georgia railroad; 10 ft. deep; 10 ft.
 of street car line; just out of city limits;
 all new and nice. Terms: \$1,000.
 100 ft. wide, 100 ft. deep; very cheap;
 terms: \$1,000.
 100 ft. wide, central property, pays 10
 cent on the investment.

Real Estate for Sale by W. J. Mallin
 Jr., Phone No. 1209. Office 2
 Equitable Building.

\$5,000 Buy a new 7-room modern cottage
 with a large front lawn and garden; with
 bath, tile walk, cabinet mantels. Terms
 \$1,000 down, balance \$25 per month.
 \$4,000 BUYERS one of the prettiest homes
 in the north side, corner lot, 56x200, on
 a side street, 10 ft. wide, 10 ft. deep, a
 house with all conveniences. Terms
 \$1,000 down, balance \$25 per month.

FOR SALE—Miscellaneous.
PRINTING PRESS, hot type, cases, & cheap or will exchange for typewriter bicycle. Address "Press," care Constitution.

FOR SALE—Registered Holstein, Friesian and Jersey milch cows, and bulls, & 850, 1000 and 1200 lbs. weight.
FOR SALE—Two gas ranges, 4 and 6 burners, \$5 and \$12; both in good order.
L. J. K. 10-10-35.

FOR SALE—Comparatively new No. 7 electric stove at half price; also lounge. Call 8-2400.

FINE INDUCTION COIL for X-ray work, 7-inch spark, cost \$200; will sell for \$100.
Coil, care Constitution.

FOR SALE—New view camera, 6 perfect lenses, tripod and lens, cheap. Come care Constitution.

AS GENTLE and pretty a full-blooded Jersey as you can find anywhere.

years; having two cows will sell for 1000 dollars. H. J. P. 55 North Pryor street.

FOR SALE—Will take orders for sweeping and stable manure mixed with straw for June, July and August delivery at \$5 a car. Address J. T. Lowrey, 1001 N. 1st St., St. Louis, Mo.

FOR SALE—Two pair dormant and two pair portable saws, Fairbanks. Address Fairbanks, this office.

FOR SALE—Literary taste and a little spare cash. Address "M. B. box," Atlanta.

LET US—Your bust enlarged six inches is failure impossible; results guaranteed. 100 testimonials; book and full particulars for 4c. Address: Dr. J. M. Cope, 1000 park, department V, 55 State street, Chicago.

ELEVATORS and dumb waiters. All sizes. Elevator works, 64 S. Forsyth street. Established 1890. Geo. W. Dean.

FIRST-CLASS LIME for sale cheap. Address: The Davitte Manufacturing Co., Lavitte, Ga.

JERSEY and Guernsey cattle; choice young stock. Write for catalogue. J. H. H. & Co., may 2-24 son.

MISS ANNIE COFFEY, No 4 Chamberlin Johnson building, is selling ladies' hats, ribbons and flowers at absolute cost.

SUPERFLUOUS hair, moles, warts, etc., removed by electrolysis with the latest machine with electric needle. Mildred C. Smith, 351 West, Lowndes building, near the Grand.

WIGS and everything in the line of hair goods can be had of Maxade at prices that will satisfy the most fastidious. A trial will serve to convince.

LESSONS in all branches of china painting, from the simple to the artistic, during the summer; especial attention to ladies desirous of learning to entertain their friends. Select from: painting and use of colors furnished free to pupils.

WANTED—Houses.

WANTED-A furnished cottage with 3
4 rooms in a desirable location. Address
W. B. C., care this paper.

EMAIL- furnished house, all conveniences
close in. Address, with terms, E. S.
Equitable.

WANTED-Boarding house of 12 to 15
rooms at once, can and will pay very
promptly. must be first-class in every re-
spect. Address Adler, care Constitution.

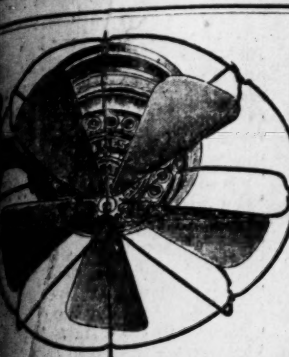
HERE IS A REASON

For the confidence the people have in our Clothing. The kind that always given satisfaction will likely continue to do so. We have one standard of quality—"the best."

MID-SUMMER CLOTHING.

Shirts, Neckwear, Underwear, Fancy Vests, Hosiery, Collars & Cuffs.

Hirsch Bros., 44 Whitehall.



Fans! Fans! Fans!

The most efficient Desk Fan made, from an 8-inch, which is very small and sold at a very small price, up to a 16-inch, which furnishes a tremendous breeze. Also something new in ceiling fans for dining rooms and offices, etc. Estimates cheerfully given for entire outfits of any kind. Don't say you can't afford a fan until you see my prices.

H. B. Campbell,
18 E. MITCHELL ST.
may 28, June 1, 6, 913, 17

THE KEELEY INSTITUTE

Atlanta, Ga.
Sole and Permanent Cure of Liquor, Opium, Morphine, Cocaine, and Cigarette Habits. Endorsed and adopted by the United States Government.
For information, address Keeley Institute, Atlanta, Ga.
NEW SANITARIUM, 591 WHITEHALL ST.

BLANK BOOKS, LEDGERS, Printing

Journals, Cash Books, Binding, ELECTROTYPE, Etc., Etc., of The Franklin Printing and Publishing Company, 480 W. HARRISON, Manager, (State Printer.) ATLANTA, GA.
Consult them before placing your orders.

Work is Cheap.

Some people do nothing but talk. We do not talk ourselves, but prefer to let our customers talk for us.

Engines, Shafting, Bolters, Belting, Steam Pumps, Hose Piping, Brass Goods, Shaft Hangers, &c.

TOWN & KING SUPPLY CO.,
ATLANTA, GA.

ICE AND REFRIGERATING MACHINERY

Compression and absorption systems, either can or plate. Also small machines for hotels, markets, dairies, etc.

Winkle Gin and Machine Works, Box 493, Atlanta, Ga

TRUST COMPANY OF GEORGIA.
EQUITABLE BUILDING, ATLANTA, GA.
Capital and undivided profits \$250,000.00
Assets and liabilities \$7,850.33
Receiver, Administrator, Executor, Assignee, Agent, and Accepts Trusts of bonds or for other purposes. A special feature of this company is its safe deposit vaults. Deposit boxes, \$4 to \$24 per annum. Reasonable rates for storage and other valuables. Vaults open from 9 a. m. until 5 p. m.

MADDOX-RUCKER BANKING CO.
Capital and Surplus \$200,000. Stockholders' Liability \$125,000

Accounts of individuals, firms, corporations and banks upon favorable terms. Loans made on open accounts subject to check. In our Savings Department we receive and receive amounts from \$1.00 up to \$5,000 on which interest at the rate of 4 per cent per annum will be credited on each account on the first Tuesday of each month, April, July and October of each year and may be either drawn or added to the account.

Contractors! Builders!

We Offer You:
White Pine, 1 3/8 Thick, 50c each

Two odd Doors at same price. Sold at once. Odd size 2pc pair.

Georgia Lumber Co.,
60 W. Hunter Street.

thurs sun to

Are Going Abroad This Season? Write to or call on E. E. Kirby, Traveling Agent of the following lines: American Navigation Company, Canadian Line, Hamburg Line, North German Lloyd, P&O, Anchor Line, Allan-Scott Line, French Line, Agent Gaze's office engaged as far in advance as possible. Information on application.

Every Woman

Wants the best if the price is right. She ought to have it, for the best is none too good

When She Buys a Gas Stove.

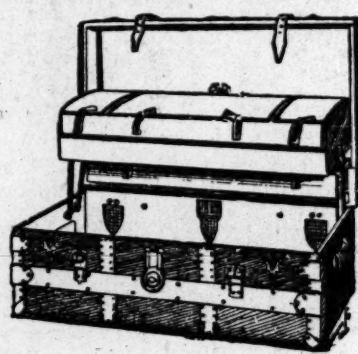
Our Prices are right, \$10.00 and \$12.00, connected ready for use

Buys the Best

Appliance to cook upon ever made and offered to her.....

ATLANTA GAS LIGHT CO.,

Broad and Alabama Streets.



Don't . . .

Be satisfied until you have seen the PATENT AUTOMATIC TRAY TRUNK. No lifting out of tray or straining of the back. Works like a charm. Superior to all for convenience and durability. We are also headquarters for Valises, Dress Suit Cases, Club Bags and Pocket-books. See us before buying.

ATLANTA TRUNK FACTORY

L. LIEBERMAN, Proprietor,
92 and 94 WHITEHALL ST.

WHY HELP PAY FOR THE SPECIAL HAZARD?

If Your Risk is Selected Insure in the

FARRAGUT FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK.

(Organized in 1872. Cash capital \$200,000. Cash surplus to policy holders \$246,457.74), which makes a specialty of

SELECTED RISKS AT LESS THAN BOARD RATES.

For further information call on or address

PEYTON DOUGLAS, 304 Equitable Building.

Odorless Gas

Refrigerators. One dish won't taste like another. Saves one-half the ice. Be sure to see them.

Fixtures cheaper than ever.

You can save 10 to 15 per cent by getting them from us.

Mantels, Plumbing

Tiles and Grates. Price no object. We are overstocked. Come and make us an offer. At wholesale prices. A cut of 30 per cent for next thirty days. See our \$18.50 Porcelain Bath Tubs.

HUNNICUTT & BELLINGRATH CO.

Roller Trays

ARE Common Sense

Trunks, Traveling Bags, Cases, All Our Own Make None Better.

RETAILED AT WHOLESALE PRICES.

SEE OURS BEFORE YOU BUY.

H. W. Rountree & Bro. Trunk and Bag Co.

77 WHITEHALL ST., ATLANTA, AND RICHMOND, VA.

Repairing Done at Short Notice. sun tue thur



Horseshoeing & Clipping
We shoe and clip horses and mules. We do it right and do it quick.

JACKSON, NELSON & CO

39 Ivy St. Phone 208. N. B.—Horses sent for and returned without extra charge. sun to th-sat



Strictly Fine Clothing

Made by men tailors with as much care as the best custom-made work receives. No difference from the made-to-order clothing that costs you twice as much or more and does not always fit as well as ours. Fact.

Those small lots of Men's, Youth's and Children's Suits, which we are closing out at Half Price,

are going fast. You'd better hurry up and bring the money if you want any.

EISEMAN & WEIL,
3 WHITEHALL ST.

Did You Ever



See a dental office as beautiful and as well arranged as the Atlanta Dental Parlors, corner Peachtree and Marietta streets? You are invited to visit these parlors, the most modern in the South. Special low prices this month in order to meet the public and introduce ourselves to strangers. Crown and Bridge work a specialty.

ATLANTA DENTAL PARLORS

Peachtree and Marietta Sts.

Bids for Coal.

ATLANTA WATER WORKS.

Atlanta, Ga., June 3, 1897.—Sealed bids addressed to the finance committee of the general council, Atlanta, Ga., and indorsed "Bids for Coal," will be received until 12 o'clock noon, June 16, 1897, for the water works department and will be opened by said committee on that day.

The bids invited are for approximately seven thousand (7,000) tons, or as much as is needed for a year's supply, delivered to Chattahoochee station No. 1 and Hemphill station No. 2, as ordered (not over ten (10) cars at one time at either station), freight prepaid.

Bids to be paid for as per weights of our track scales at the stations, and weights certified to by the engineer in charge, on the 10th to 15th, for previous month's delivery.

Bids submitted must be for both run of mine and screened coal.

A bond of one thousand dollars (\$1,000) will be required of the successful bidder.

The right to reject any or all bids reserved. J. H. GOLDSMITH, June 6 9 10 12 City Controller.

HAMMOCKS

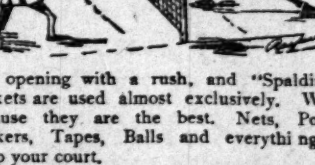


For wear, comfort and beauty. We have these in all the new colors. Mexican Grass Hammocks from 65c to \$1.50. Woven Cotton Hammocks, equal to the finest draperies in color and designs, from \$1.00 to \$4.50.

THE CLARKE HARDWARE CO

33 PEACHTREE ST., ATLANTA, GA.

...LAWN TENNIS...



Is opening with a rush, and "Spalding" Rackets are used almost exclusively. Why? Because they are the best. Nets, Poles, Markers, Tapes, Balls and everything to equip your court.

THE CLARKE HARDWARE CO

SPALDING & BROS. AGENTS, 33 PEACHTREE ST., ATLANTA, GA.

"Write for Catalogue and Prices."

Caught and Ticked to Death



For his Tackle came from us. Split Bamboo Rods with Cork Handles \$2.00. Multiplying Reels 75c and up. Gill Netting, Seines, Cast Nets, Flies, Spoons. Well, come and see our line.

THE CLARKE HARDWARE CO

33 PEACHTREE ST., ATLANTA, GA.

Clothing For June.

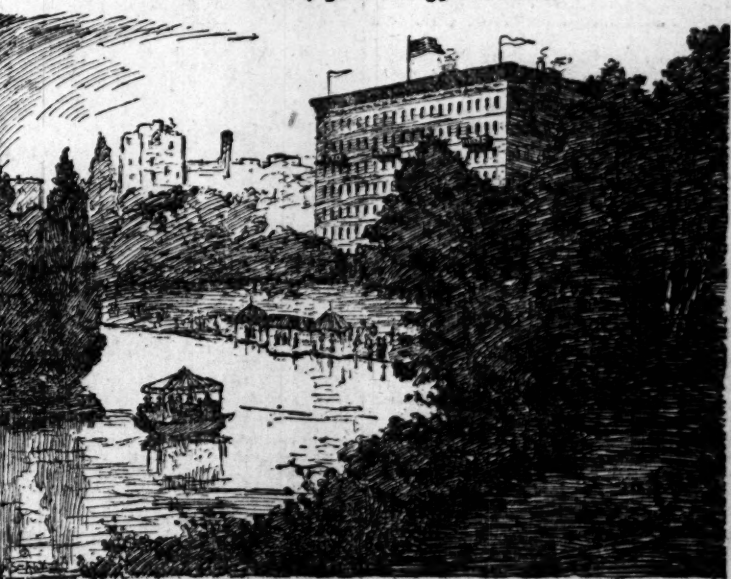
The various departments devoted to warm-weather goods are in complete readiness. Thin Coats and Vests, Linen Suits, Duck Trousers, Negligee Shirts, light Underwear, cool Straw Hats and zephyr Neckwear in varieties and at prices that charm all who see them. We've prepared this season more prodigally than ever before. Gathered liberally of the newest and best things. The calm calculation of hundreds of trade-wise men show that our values are not equaled elsewhere. It's to the interest of your pocket-book to see our offerings before buying.

The George Muse Clothing Co.

38 Whitehall Street.

A SUMMER RESORT

IN THE HEART OF NEW YORK CITY. ABSOLUTELY FIRE-PROOF. FIFTH AVENUE, 58th and 59th Streets.



THE PLAZA HOTEL, NEW YORK,

Overlooking entire Central Park, with its Lakes and Drives; easy of access to all piers, railroad stations, shops and theatres; pioneer of new uptown hotel centre; maintains its lead as the standard hotel for giving best value for the price. EUROPEAN AND AMERICAN PLAN.

F. A. HAMMOND.

Hotel Marlborough.

Broadway and 36th St., New York City. Center of Shopping and Theater District. Convenient to all Depots. Broadway Cable Cars pass the door.

LOUIS L. TODD, Proprietor.

Table D'Hote Dinner, 5:30 to 9 P. M., \$1.



HOTEL GRANITE

Refitted and Refurnished, Will Open Wednesday, May 12

C. F. DODGE
(Formerly Manager of the Argosy) PROPRIETOR. RATES, \$2.00 PER DAY RESTAURANT AND CAFE. SPECIAL RATES TO BOARDERS.

Warm Springs.

IN THE PINE MOUNTAINS OF MERIWETHER COUNTY, GA. 1,200 FEET ABOVE SEA LEVEL. FINEST BATHING IN AMERICA. WILL BE OPEN FOR REQUESTS JUNE 1ST. EQUIPMENT IN FIRST-CLASS ORDER. WRITE FOR CIRCULAR WITH RATES OF BOARD AND PARTICULARS. CHAS. L. DAVIS, Proprietor.

THE MURREY

234 West 23d street, New York City. A refined boarding house, where hotel comforts can be obtained; convenient to all shops and theatres. Terms, \$1.50 per day. Correspondence invited. References. June 6

BLOWING ROCK.

Green Park Hotel. This delightful resort is on the summit of the Blowing Rock, 4,200 feet above the sea level, 2,500 feet above the city of Charlotte. The Blowing Rock is a natural wonder, and the hotel is a perfect model of comfort and convenience. The hotel is situated on a beautiful lawn, and the view from the hotel is magnificent. The hotel is open all the year round.

HOTEL GRANT,

ATLANTA, GA. Located in the business center, three blocks from union depot, electric cars pass the door to all parts of city. Cuisine and dining service unequalled. Tourists' popular resort between the north and south. Special rates to families and commercial men.

Hotel Cumberland

Cumberland Island, Ga.

OPEN ALL THE YEAR ROUND

Summer season begins June 1st. The first beach on the Atlantic coast. Hotel and cottages, sufficient for 600 people, shaded by a beautiful grove. Splendid fishing, every variety in the sea can be caught. Naptha Launch, row boats, bicycles and livery turnouts at moderate prices. Orchestral concerts, german and superb pavilion for dancing. Sea food of every variety and attentive service. Cumberland's best recommendation is that it entertains more than 2,000 of the south's best people every summer. Address LEE T. SHACKELFORD, Cumberland, Ga.

CAPON SPRINGS AND BATHS

On the Great North Mountain. Alkaline Limestone Springs, 1,000 to 1,500 guests annually. Rife of North and South. Largest and socially most pleasant company at any mountain resort in this country. For rates, circulars, etc., address Wm. H. Hale, Capon Springs, W. Va. may 15-34

"The Leyden,"

198 PEACHTREE ST

The present tenant's lease expires June 15th. The house will continue open for guests without any change in prices to all who favor us with their patronage. LEYDEN CO.

Summer Boarders.

Large house, halls, porches, shady yard, and cheap board. Near several noted springs. For particulars apply to MRS. E. T. FAIRD, Christiansburg, Montgomery county, Virginia.

Rockbridge Alum Springs.

High altitude, purest mountain air, exempt from malaria, epidemics and annoying insects, climate cool, invigorating and delightful, company large, select and entertaining, amusements varied—taken as a whole making it one of Virginia's most delightful resorts. Send for illustrated catalogue giving our extremely low rates. JAMES A. FRAZIER, Managing Receiver.

THREE DELIGHTFUL NEW BLOUSES.



1. Charming blouse of very fine silk crepe in pale pink figured white and black, fastening down one side with a band of black ribbon and a band of pink ribbon tied into bows, and decorated from the neck almost to the waist, back and front, with insertions of fine lace set into diamond patterns. The sleeves are trimmed with frills and the collar with a wide band of lace. Frills on the top of the sleeves and around the collar band.
2. Bodice of greenish blue glace. It turns back round the neck with a small collar bordered with a wandyke pattern of lace to show an under bodice back and front, of accordion-kilted white lace. The skirt is of a matching material, and also finishes the epaulettes on the sleeves which have short full puffs.
3. Bodice of fine white muslin striped with lace insertion and small frills. Frills on the top of the sleeves and around the collar band. The skirt is of a matching material, and also finishes the epaulettes on the sleeves which have short full puffs.

LESSONS FOR LOVERS.

END OF SECOND PAPER—By Cleveland Moffett.

I forgot to say in my last paper that a second marriage is often indicated in a woman's palm by a change in the fate line. This change is usually in the nature of a break, the two divisions of the fate line sometimes overlapping at the ends. Of course every one knows that the fate line is one that runs up and down the palm, from the middle of its base toward the second finger, and I have already explained how the exact year may be located on this line. Another thing worth noting in this connection is that the girl whose palm bears a cross just under the base of the first finger has the accepted sign of a very fortunate marriage. And a star (that is the crossing of three lines) in this place means the realization of one's highest ambition.

Coming now to the indications of physiognomy, let us take the eyes first, and a girl should know that the deeper the color of a man's eyes the greater is the strength of his love nature. Men with light-colored eyes, who know how to read it, of the animal, are usually good husbands, so far as love goes, most commonly have eyes with well-arched lids, both upper and lower, eyes that naturally open wide, with a good distance between the brows. They have what physiologists call the monogamic eye, which is a very different thing from the polygamic eye, as will be seen in the accompanying diagram. The latter has a sleepy look, with flat, edged, low-hanging lids, separated by only a short distance, and a lifting at the corners. This is the oriental eye, and the oriental qualities of unreliability usually go with it. In choosing between two men, other things being equal, let a girl take the one with well-arched eyes, and an arched eye is a sign of a man whose love nature is a husband. And let her remember that the longer and narrower a man's eyes are the less likely he will be in his love nature, to be impetuous and reckless.

Of not less importance than the eyes is the mouth in determining a man's capacity of love and the kind of love he is capable of. The mouth is a plain revelation, to one who knows how to read it, of the animal nature; it is a measure of the social and domestic qualities. And right at the start, let me dispose of the idea that a small mouth, in man or woman, is either a beautiful or an admirable thing. There has never been a fine strong man in the world, a man who did much with his life and won the esteem of those about him, who did not have a large mouth. The pretty rosebud mouth, about which nonsense has been talked and written, is found to perfection in the head of that interesting person, Nero, and the rosebud mouth in a man today would probably be a sign of a very high degree of selfishness and cruelty that it did in Nero's time.

The length of the mouth increases with the capacity for love in the nature, while the fullness and shape of the lips indicate the quality of a man's love. A perfect type of mouth, with full lower lip and bow-shaped upper lip, both perfectly symmetrical, is shown in the accompanying diagram. It will be noticed that the line of closure is straight. The man with such a mouth, if the lips are a warm red and delicately creased, could not possibly be a mean or commonplace fellow. The lips are ten to one, unless he be handicapped by some other sign, that he will be generous, unselfish, sincerely and faithfully loving, quite the opposite of his thin-lipped companion, whose mouth is shown in the same cut. Such lips as these latter, with downward curve at the corners, may well make a girl draw back, for they mark a cold, selfish nature, though perhaps a strong one.

As a general rule the man whose mouth droops at the corners will look upon life with gravity and incline to depression of spirits. And if we have with this a long, pointed nose with a drooping tip below the horizontal line, then there is quite too much of drooping, not only in his face, but in his nature, and he will probably turn out a jealous husband and an ungenerous companion. He will be a reticent, apprehensive, suspicious, and will show a tendency toward melancholia. Dante, with a nose, wrote the "Inferno." Such men see the worst side of everything. Let any sweet, lovable girl say "No" without hesitation to such a man if he asks her to marry him. And if she craves affection she may well refuse also the man whose profile is shown in the same cut, and whose hard mouth, with its thin, close-set lips, tells of too much precision of character and too little expansiveness to make him lovable. Another profile in the same cut shows the mouth of a man with excessive self-esteem, who could rarely be persuaded and never forced, and what a girl wants a man for a husband whom she cannot persuade once in a while?

If a girl would measure the strength of her lover's love-nature, let her notice the fullness, the redness and the moisture of his upper lip at the center. Just in proportion as it has these qualities, so will his love nature be vigorous and intense, while an upper lip which is thin at the center and pale and dry shows a dearth of interest in the opposite sex. The lower lip, on the other hand, shows the man's measure of sympathy for all mankind, his generosity and benevolence. These traits will probably be well developed in him if his lower lip is red and full and moist, not so if it is dry and thin and bloodless. Of course this is assuming that the person is in normal health.

No feature is more important for our purpose than the nose, which seems to have been put upon the face of man, not only for breathing purposes, but as a revelation

of character and power of the mind. By all means let a girl choose a man whose nose has breadth and strength, first, breadth, a good sign in head and hand and body, since it usually indicates mental and physical activity. A broad-ridged nose with well-defined nostrils means good lungs and sound breathing apparatus, which are as important in a husband, perhaps as brains. People with delicate lungs or chest trouble usually have sharp, pinched noses, and even if they escape this danger they are never broad-minded.

In the matter of length the nose should measure one-third of the distance from chin point to forehead top; if shorter than this it indicates too much of impulse in the character; if longer, too much of calculation. Whatever comes, let no girl whose nose dips at the tip marry a man who has also a dipping nose, for the atmosphere in such a ménage would rival that of an undertaker's establishment. Long dipping noses, as has been already remarked, indicate a tendency to melancholia. Summing it all up, then, as regards the matter of length, it may be said that long noses are impetuous and reckless, very long noses are cautious and prudent, very long noses are sagacious and fearful; short noses are impulsive and incautious, while very short noses are impetuous and reckless.

The above is the clever generalization of Charles Todd Parks, the expert physiognomist who has furnished the material for the present article. Mr. Parks also says: "People with large nostrils whose nose-joints well forward from the face have great energy, ambition and vivacity. If the projection is in the upper third of the ridge, this will expend itself in strife; if excessive and broad as well, in tyranny. A projection in the middle third of the ridge—also broad—means executive-ness; in excess, quixotism. Such people will usually fight the battles of others. A pro-

jection in the lower third shows rapacious and predaceous tendencies, when on the ridge, but when the projection is at the tip, a most important point, it shows great perceptive energy and power of concentration, also sensitiveness about self, what is called the self-defensive nose." These various kinds of noses are shown in the accompanying diagrams.

As there may be something of over technicality in what has just been written, I will conclude this paper with a few plain precepts about noses:

1. Do not marry a man whose nose shows any marked deformity or twisting; there will invariably be some corresponding flaw in his moral nature.

2. Do not marry a man whose nose comes out of the big forehead in almost a straight line, the type of nose often seen in statues following Greek models. Such a nose is invariably accompanied by extreme selfishness, selfishness and sometimes cruelty.

3. Do not marry a man with a sharp pointed nose, he will have a sharp, uncomfortable character. He will be hard to please; there will be acidity in his nature.

4. If a man tells you he is an artist or writer and has a nose that is not refined at the tip do not believe him. There is great value in the aesthetic finish of the tip of the nose in men of these two classes.

5. If you want a husband who will make his way in the world and probably gain power or money, take one whose nose is broad-bridged and prominent, and bears a moderate hump in its upper half. If he is a wide-headed man as well, and not wanting in other qualities, he will insure you your wish. And he will be a brave fellow physically as well.

6. If you want a husband who will be always hopeful and buoyant, take one with a tip-tipped nose, but not too short, for if it be that you will find him over-impulsive.

7. And once more I say, do not marry a man with a long, drooping nose. Besides being gloomy and secretive, he will probably be critical and faultfinding.

8. If you want a husband in whose heart you will hold undisputed sway do not marry a man with these three signs, fatal to faithfulness: A narrow eye, almond-shaped, or with straight edge under lid; an upper lip full at the center and red and moist; a palm which shows on the mount of Venus (the full, fleshy part under the thumb) many well-cut lines crossing at right angles.

Coming to America.



Embroidered silk waistcoat. These rich waistcoats are a great success in England. They are for both day and evening wear, cut very low for the latter, and made up in pale tinted brocades.

FASHION'S ADVICE TO JUNE BRIDES

Wedding Gowns Are Made That Are Works of Art.

COSTUMES THAT ARE BEAUTIES

Traveling Suits Which Delight the Eyes of the Observer.

MUSLIN IS GAINING IN POPULARITY

New Skirt To Go Solely with Skirt Waists—Three New Materials for Summer.

New York, June 4.—(Special Correspondence.)—Society salutes to the June bride, fetching creature that she is. This year she is gowned in more charming mode than ever. Here is a wedding dress that one of the most beautiful of New York's beautiful women is going to wear. The contrast of texture is remarkable. The bodice is skillfully draped with white chiffon, and slashes with gleaming satin, while clouds of chiffon form the sleeves. Around the foot of the skirt runs a cordon of orange blossoms, and at the back, where it is evolved into a long train, a huge bow of white satin ribbon charms the eyes.

So much for the gown in which the young woman is to be married. That would never do for the traveling dress, of course. Perhaps I ought to call it the going away gown—to be strictly English, you know. However, for those of us who still have old-fashioned ideas traveling dress will do. This particular one is a simple, quiet fawn cloth. It has a most delicious lining of pink, white and gold check silk, a dainty little surprise when a movement of the foot betrays the inner edges. Fawn braid is used to ornament the surface of this gown, and as this repeats exactly the cloth on which it rests, it gives an exceeding uniformity of tone. In the frills that run down the bodice there is a most becoming note of turquoise blue. The same effect obtains in the jeweled buckle that clasps the ribbon at the waist.

Next in importance to the bride herself comes the bridesmaid. Here is a hat which is specially fitted for her, and one which would be becoming to any young fresh face. Yet it is simplicity itself. It is one mass of accordion-pleated chiffon—the crown fastened in the center with a diamond ornament. This is the base with Tuscan tinted ribbon, and has three white feathers at one side. In materials for the gown itself, the bridesmaid may find something very enhancing in pin spot bougainvillee silk, particularly in cream color, has a very youthful charm. Ondine is another silk quite in favor for bridesmaids, and may be had in almost any shade.

At last we have a skirt that may be worn with a shirt waist, without opening down the back at inopportune moments, or slipping below the belt. This new idea is worthy of special consideration, and is becoming more and more popular. It is intended for wear with the bolero now so much worn, and opens at one side of the front, thus obviating any awkward separation at the waist. The shape is excellent. Cut without any fullness at the back, it yet sets admirably. It is finished at the waist, which is absolutely tight, with a neat Peter Pan collar. The skirt is particularly desirable for country wear, for, on account of its peculiar make, it would look equally well for cycling or tennis use. When worn by a wheelwoman, the new cycling skirt makes the rider's favor would be most suitable. This novelty is made very simply, consisting merely of a knitted Tam o' Shanter mounted on a velvet band, trimmed at one side with a cord, and a small buckle at the waist.

The woman whose idea of enjoyment in summer consists chiefly of boating has a variety of wraps to choose from, and must be unfortunate indeed who does not find them does not become her. We have the long coat ulster in the ever useful blue cloth faced with white. Then there is the short cape form. A new buckle, a decided novelty in being arranged to button over the shoulders so that they can be worn in circular form or open to admit the arms. These capes have admirably points and may be used for driving also. These are the most in evidence, but they are modified in so many ways as to practically become entirely different.

Despite the endless variety of materials we are already familiar with, there are always new ones which find their way to public favor. Among the novelties for this season there are three which seem to deserve particular mention. First there is a new fabric which is called "Lorraine." It is a kind of poplin, much thinner than the ordinary variety, and is to be found mainly in charming little check patterns, green, mauve, black and gray being combined with white. It offers itself persuasively for blouses. The other two materials are of the gauze variety. Dalghair crepe is like chiffon, but infinitely superior, and the most desirable article in wearing qualities, and offering the further advantage of being cheaper. Then there is the Agra gauze. This is very soft and supple, and makes the most delightful frills and flounces. It promises to be very much worn, and this, indeed, applies to all of these newcomers.

But with all the furore that exists for transparent stuffs of every variety, muslins will hold their own in popularity. One of the prettiest afternoon dresses I have seen this season is of the time-honored spotted variety. It is made over a male-colored foundation of silk lace, while circling infernally around the sleeve is cream lace. The muslin of the bodice and skirt is sections of the lace, and the crush belt is of green lace silk. Taking it as a whole, nothing could be more charming or more becoming. No woman's wardrobe this season will be deemed complete without at least one of these pretty and inexpensive frocks.

Lingerie being a matter of necessity, we are always glad to have new ideas concerning possibilities in that direction, and especially something entirely new. Novelties in silks and muslins are of almost everyday occurrence, but something really new in the way of a flannel petticoat is a genuine and most agreeable surprise. We call it a flannel petticoat, but it is really not flannel at all. It is made of woolen, crepe-like material, quite amenable to the washerwoman, and trimmed with flounces of lace. There are three qualities to be obtained, an all-wool crepe, a silk and wool crepe and a cotton crepe. They are mounted on very thin silk bands and are altogether most desirable, as they are soft, light and warm. In fact, this latest edition of the flannel petticoat seems to offer all the advantages of the old one, without any of the latter's drawbacks.

A decided and somewhat startling novelty in the way of a yoke bodice deserves description. The yoke is made entirely of coat-of-mail jet, through whose glittering design a steel serpent with emerald eyes makes its way up to the throat. The bodice itself is made of white lace, with a frill of pale yellow lace falling from bust to waist. A few folds of emerald velvet from the belt, a touch of the same color being discernible in the full frills at the throat. The skirt worn with this unique bodice is made of one of the new silks, in mauve and white checked with a narrow line of white satin. It is trimmed in a charming old-fashioned way with graduated rows of black velvet ribbon and little frills of lace.

SIXTY YEARS WITH THE QUEEN'S ARMY

General Sir Evelyn Wood, the Famous Military Authority, Writes.

Change Has Taken Place Since Victoria's Reign Began.

A BRITISH BATTALION

Ten Years of Peace Have Been Enjoyed by England Within Last Fifty Years.

By General Sir Evelyn Wood.

During the sixty years Queen Victoria reigned, the British Empire has attained its greatest extent, and the British Army has fought in great or small expeditions for fifty years, leaving ten years of absolute peace.

There was no staff, known as such, in the British Army, and no general staff, nor the C. H. & D. R. Y. The British Army was a collection of regiments, each of which was a separate profession.

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A Victorian Hat.



Bodice and underskirt of checked and blue white silk, the overskirt and band yoke on the bodice are of transparent canvas, of a new shade of blue. The skirt has two narrow flounces of checked silk. The bodice is trimmed with thick cream guipure lace. The folded waistband and collar are of rose-colored glace silk.

FORCIBLE ADMIRATION.



Sniffkins—I suppose Corbett hates Fitzsimmons bitterly.
Whiffkins—Oh I don't know. I was present at their meeting at Carson, and Jim appeared very much struck with Bob's right-handers.

AN UP-TO-DATE PAIR.



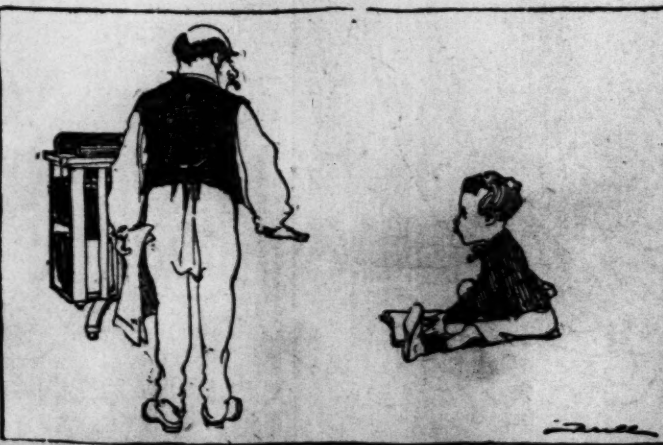
Jones—Your wife is a new woman, isn't she?
Dedswelle—Yes, and the doctor says bicycle riding will make a new man of me.

LIQUID INSOLVENCY.



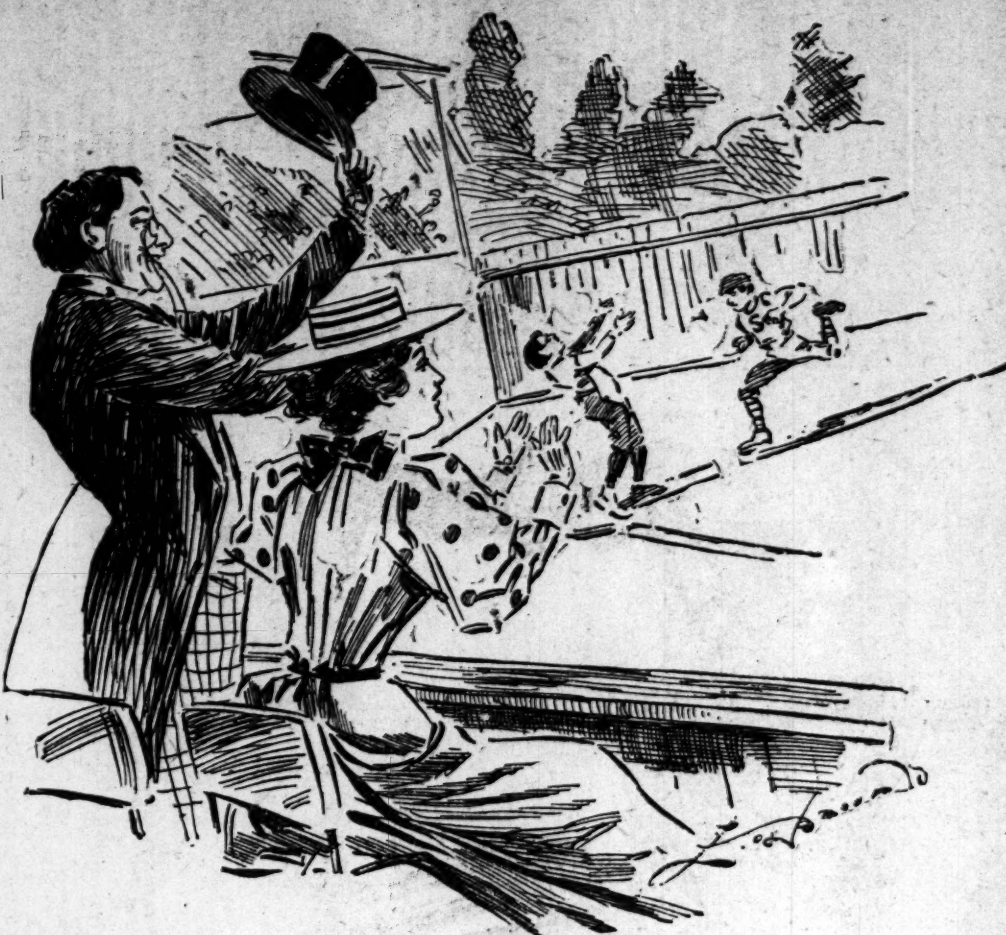
Albert—I hear that Neversett has spent \$10,000 in the last twelve months, and is dead broke.
Henry—Yes, as soon as he came in for his share of the estate he went into voluntary liquidation.

FORCED ACTIVITY.



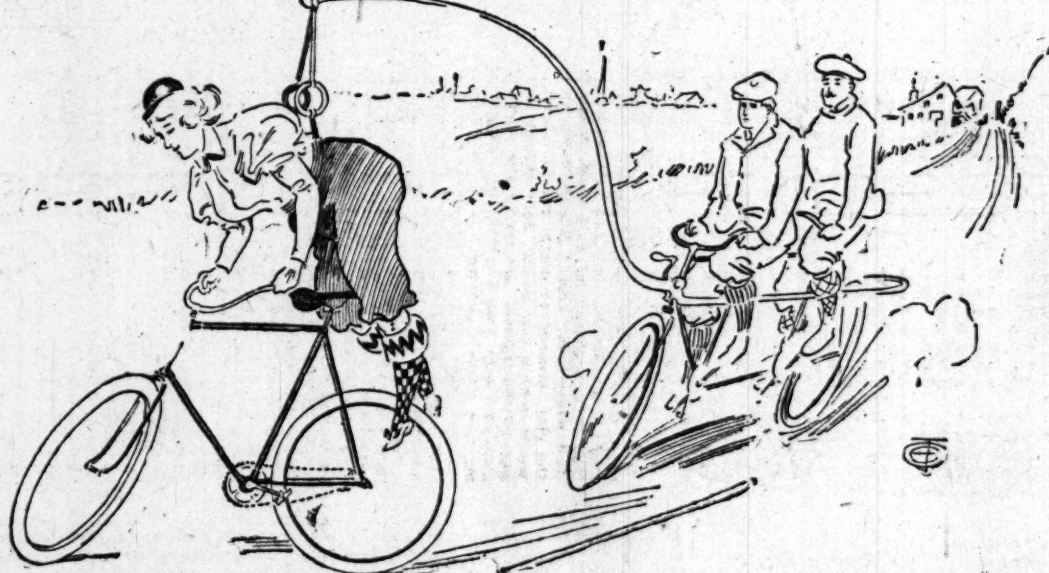
Tommy—Papa, when a man is playing the bagpipe he never stops, but keeps moving down the street. What makes him do it?
Papa—The policeman.

ON THE GRAND STAND.



He—That pitcher is rank!
She—Why, he's very common looking, he doesn't appear to be a man of rank.

THE LATEST PATENT FOR TEACHING GIRLS TO RIDE THE BICYCLE.



A LIBEAL OFFER.



Young Doggerell—The public is wild over my last poem.
Cynicus—Sorry to hear that, old man. If you wish to hide till the excitement dies down, my rooms are at your service.

ANDREW JOHNSON AS A TAILOR.

A Romantic Episode in the Deceased President's Early Life.

Three-quarters of a century ago in the little village of Laurens, in the state of South Carolina, there lived and labored at the tailor's trade a young man who was destined to play an important part in the affairs of this nation. Of humble origin, and having had practically no educational advantages, he had in his character the elements of true manhood, and by force of brain power and ability attained the highest position of honor and trust in the republic, says The National Magazine.

Andrew Johnson left his home in North Carolina by reason of some trouble with his employer, and went to the then ultra-exclusive and aristocratic village of Laurens. He had no influential family connections, and was as poor as the traditional church mouse, his worldly possessions consisting only of the clothes he wore. To one acquainted with the social conditions of the ante-bellum south, the difficulties incident to obtaining recognition by a man handicapped as Johnson was can readily be imagined. The sterling worth of the young tailor, however, made itself felt, and demanded the admiration and respect soon accorded him even by those who were wont to consider one not to the manner born deserving of but condescending notice.

Soon after reaching Laurens Johnson secured a position in a tailoring establishment, and this he held with perfect satisfaction to his employers until his return to his North Carolina home. He was a painstaking laborer and took commendable pride in doing his work as perfectly as possible. A coat cut, fitted and made by Johnson is still in existence. It was made for Colonel Henry C. Young, a prominent lawyer and politician of upper Carolina, and is now treasured by his descendants as one of their most precious possessions. The fact that the coat is still in a good state of preservation may possibly be taken as evidence of the excellence and durability of the work.

Johnson's stay at Laurens, brief as it was, marked a very important epoch in his life. It was there that he met his first love, Miss Sarah Word, a charming young woman of education and refinement, who saw in the modest and retiring young journeyman tailor a man of character, strength and promise. Johnson's regard for Miss Word was reciprocated, and the young

people entered into an engagement to marry. They were thrown constantly in each other's society, and the future president of the United States once assisted his fiancée in laying, stuffing and quilting a quilt. This quilt is now owned by Mrs. J. F. Bolt, of Laurens, granddaughter of Miss Word, who subsequently married William Hance. On either side of the quilt are Miss Word's initials, "S. W.," which were made, stuffed and quilted by Johnson, unassisted. The enthusiastic young lover was very desirous of placing his own initials beside those of his sweetheart, but this Miss Word would not permit. The quilt was on exhibition at the Atlanta exposition last fall and attracted much attention.

The irresistible tendency that young men have to carve their sweetheart's names on everything movable and immovable in their immediate vicinity was not wanting in Johnson. On the back of an old split-bottomed chair he engraved the inscription, "S. W.—1830." It is needless to say that it was the chair in which Miss Word was accustomed to sit on the porch in her home. The chair is now in the possession of Mrs. Bolt.

Having satisfactorily adjusted the trouble with his former employer in North Carolina, Johnson decided to return and resume his place. Before leaving Laurens, as a token of his affectionate regard, he gave to Miss Word his dearest possession, the goose with which he had worked at his trade. This act shows the tender simplicity of the young tailor. He had no false pride about the matter. He was leaving the woman he loved for an indefinite time, and not ashamed of his lowly calling, gave her something that would be a constant reminder of him and his work.

After leaving Laurens differences arose between Miss Word and Johnson, and their engagement was terminated, but the tailor's goose was never returned, and is now owned by Mrs. Bolt, and valued above price on account of its romantic history. Miss Word rejected the tailor and married William Hance, a saddler. The tailor became president of the United States.

Johnson's biographers have all maintained that in early life he was uncouth, illiterate and ignorant, with no refinement or grace of manner. It has been stated that his wife taught him both after marriage. This error has become so firmly fixed that it is generally accepted as a historic fact, and school children are told of the romantic story of how a man who afterwards be-

came president was taught to read and write by a wife who was ambitious for his advancement. This story may be a beautiful object lesson on the grand possibilities of American youth, but is has the fatal defect of being untrue. When Johnson lived at Laurens he could both read and write, and was considered a young man of exceptional intelligence. Miss Word, to the correctness of her statement can neither be doubted nor contradicted. More than this, Colonel T. B. Crews, one of the oldest citizens of Laurens and husband of Miss Word's daughter, says that over half a century ago, when he first went to Laurens, he had frequently heard from the old residents that Johnson was a great reader—in fact, a veritable bookworm. He had often been seen seated on his tailor's board with a book by his side, reading and studying. From this evidence it would appear that the story of Johnson being in early life an uncouth ignoramus must be abandoned as absolutely false. The facts prove just the contrary—that he was a young man of rare intelligence and refinement.

Washington's Birthday.

Editor Constitution—Please explain to me how the time was changed and when, that caused the birthday of George Washington to fall on February 22d. As I remember in the fifties, Mitchell's History of the United States stated that he was born on February 11th. How was this change brought about and by whom? HISTORY.

When Pope Gregory XIII reformed the Julian calendar in the sixteenth century it was done by omitting ten days, calling the 8th of October the 15th. The new calendar, though generally accepted then by the Catholic world, was not adopted by the Protestant nation at once. At last, in 1752, during the reign of George II, an act was passed in Great Britain providing that after the 2d day of September of that year, the next ensuing day should be held as the 14th, thus "suppressing" or dropping eleven days. Great Britain's colonies accepted the change the same year.

GOLFING.



Harry—It took Jack nearly two hours this afternoon to fix the ball so it could hit it.
George—A sort of an afternoon tee, so to speak.

A USEFUL INVENTION.



Gladys—What's dat cage on yer face fer?
Arunah—Cage? Why ter keep out de fowls, see?

THE CLOWN STEPS BACK TO ADMIRE HIS ARTISTIC WORK WITH DISASTROUS RESULTS.



Walker did nothing and did nothing to do with the ball game. He was a clown and a clown's work is to make people laugh. He was a clown and a clown's work is to make people laugh.

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THE CONSTITUTION, JR.

DEVOTED TO THE INSTRUCTION AND AMUSEMENT OF THE YOUNG READERS OF THE CONSTITUTION.

Supplement to
The Constitution.

ATLANTA, GA., SUNDAY, JUNE 6 1897.

A MORTGAGED BOY

The thing had been going on for so long that Jamie Possett felt himself unable to bear with it any further. The chief of the boy's woes was that his father refused to discuss his troubles even with his wife, who, for that matter, was as silent and forlorn as the farmer himself. It hurt the boy in a tender spot to see Mr. Possett walking about, unshaven, slouching and thin, a quite different creature to the smart and able man who had stepped upon these new lands triumphantly, coming to conquer. It began clearly to dawn upon Jim that no triumph had come to Possett; that the farmer was conquered by the land. That came to him very clearly upon the day when Possett met Jereboam Matthews by the wire fence, and that neighbor agriculturist, a well-to-do man, with every one of his ten fingers in a different pie, asked Jim's father how he was coming on.

Possett looked at his richer neighbor in a way which scared the boy, looking wildly, almost insanely, at him.

"Coming on!" he shouted. "Do I look as though I was coming on? I'm going off, man, going off like a house on fire, to blazing, burning ruin! Going off mighty fast, Matthews, with wife and child and house and farm and wagons and mules and my last horse and all else, d'ye understand? all, body and soul mortgaged deeper than—wot you gaping for, boy?"

Jamie was looking at him, open-eyed, amazed at the sight of a perfectly new father to any he had hitherto known. He shrank back without answering and walked silently away.

"Aye," growled Mr. Possett, bitterly, "he slips away from me. They all will. My horses went off as cheerfully with the sheriff's man as ever they had gone with me. And Jamie, he'll be leaving his mother and me an' looking for his supper to some one as can afford to give him it. My heaven, man, don't look at me as if I were mad, but tell me what I'm to do!"

Jereboam Matthews flushed a little, put his hands deep in his trousers' pockets and looked grimly clear across the quiet, gray-clouded western plains.

"Is it as bad as that?" he said. "As bad as that? It's bad for almost all in the country, but worse for me than most, for I'd hardly got on my feet. Two years it was drouth and ruinous freights. Now it is rain, lightning, hail, snow, floods. And where's my crops? Beaten down to the clay, crushed to death, ruined. There would, with a fair season, been enough to pay off the interest and renew the mortgage and next year I might have got on my feet. There's nothing now to look forward to but stark nakedness and cold starvation." And with misery in his eyes the farmer walked away.

"I'll do you yet," Possett muttered, "and it will be no sin. No real sin. You have taken everything I had and my misfortune is good luck for you! You've grown fat on us, you and the railroads, now I'll have a small bit back. If it was not stealing for you, 'tis not for me!"

Now, Jamie had gone away from his father in a state of almost despair. He had never seen Mr. Possett act like that before, but he refrained from running to his mother, aware that she was worried enough herself. He had always been used in his lonely life to think for himself, and he thought now, and the result of his thought was that, if his father would not act and his mother could not, he, as the next in command, must. He knew something about these horrible mortgages, he knew the banker held them, and he knew Bolivar, the one horse left, would be sold for interest next day. He determined to go right away and see the banker himself. But, though a small boy, Jim had grown up somehow with a great belief in the power of appearances. He saddled Bolivar and then dressed himself. His dressing was brief. He took his father's old war gun, a Sharp's carbine, which was very rusty, and which no cartridges in the house would fit, and a cartridge belt and a horse pistol which had probably known George Washington. These he could safely borrow. Then he rode out bravely in the dull afternoon, under the threatening skies, past the storm-beaten and ruined fields. But, though equipped like a pirate, Jamie was not altogether bent on war; he had a defined use for diplomacy. He had conceived a plan.

"How?" he said politely, as he entered the bank, in no wise abashed at the brass rails and the clerk's boiled shirt. "I want to see Mister Banker."

The teller looked at him with wide-open eyes, and, at the sight of that funny scarecrow figure, with the rusty old pistol and ancient gun, laid back his head and shouted with laughter. Jamie's lip pouted and quivered, and he felt sorely wounded. In good faith he had prepared himself to create an impression such as his own stout heart demanded—to enforce respect. If hearts alone were seen, and not their outside coverings, many a boy and man would command a deference they never will get, but the teller's eyes were blind. He wiped the tears of laughter away and looked again with a giggle at the tattered and attenuated figure.

"What do you want?" he said. "The boss, as you call him, is too busy to talk to every ragamuffin."

Jim's cheek flushed and his heart grew strong again at the insulting words. With a rather clumsy performance of the motion he raised the old gun to his shoulder and took aim.

"I want to see the boss," he repeated. "Don't shoot!" he shouted.

An inner door behind the rails opened

and an elderly gentleman appeared.

"What's this?" he cried with stern eyes, and flashed out a revolver. Instinct told the little western farm boy, who knew absolutely nothing of cities or of men, that was the gentleman he had come to see. He promptly put down his gun and took off his cap.

"Good morning, sir," he said. "I wanted to see you about a mortgage."

"You did?" said the gentleman sternly. "And do you think it is proper to come to me this way, threatening my clerk's life with—with that extraordinary rusty old firearm?"

"O, sir," said Jamie, with a most engaging smile, "I only done that as a bluff. It ain't loaded, sir! But I wanted to see you awful bad!"

The banker's face softened into a smile.



WITH A RATHER CLUMSY MOTION HE RAISED THE OLD GUN TO FIRE.

"Come in here," he said, and Jamie triumphantly followed him in.

"Now sit down, my boy," said the gentleman, kindly, "tell what all this is about a mortgage."

Then that remarkable aptitude of James Possett's, which is now pushing him so rapidly to the front, the capability of getting right down to business, showed itself for the first time. He didn't stammer or stutter or get confused, or behave as if he had never seen a bank before because his mind for the time was bent upon one thing only. He didn't even take the chair pointed out to him. To the banker's utter amazement he threw aside his cartridge belt and pistol, and then his small, ragged jacket and pulled up his shirt sleeve. With a tightened lip and every little muscle quivering with a tension he displayed to the banker's admiring gaze a little lump of flesh which, for politeness' sake, we will call a biceps.

"Feel that, sir!" he said. Mechanically the banker's fingers pressed that plucky little knot, but his eyes did not see it. He was looking at Jamie, and studying his eyes.

"He's not crazy," he thought. "He seems a remarkably bright boy."

"Well," he said aloud, "that's all right. The development is not ponderous, but time will improve it."

"Hit me there," cried Jamie, and stuck out a brave little chest as far as he could. "Don't be afraid; hit's hard as you want to."

The banker made a benevolent feint to strike a mighty blow, and nodded his satisfaction with Jim's sustenance of it. The boy started to roll up his trouser leg, but the gentleman motioned him to stop.

"It is unnecessary," he said, "I am perfectly satisfied you are sound in wind and limb. Now, if I may inquire without an unseemly abruptness, what is it you want?"

Jamie drew a deep breath and stood sturdily facing the banker.

"Bolivar's a good horse," he said, with a dash into the depth of things. "And you've got a mortgage on him, an' dad can't pay the interest, an' the horse'll be sold, for my mammy told me so; an' the farm's ruined, 'cause of the rains spoiling the crops, an' dad won't be able to go on for another year, 'cause mammy told me so; an' with Bolivar he might make out freighting for the new irrigation company, an' now he can't; so dad don't know what to do, so dad's desprit, awful desprit, 'cause he don't love me no more, an' tell me things same's he used to do; an' there ain't no food in the house, an' mammy's sick an'—an'—"

He pulled himself up and dashed away what Tom Bowling himself would have called a "manly tear." The banker looked

at him with interest, but never spoke. Jim went on.

"Mammy says—you ask her—I'm good as two men about the house, an' dad says I know near as much as he does—you ask him, an' you say I'm sound in wind and limb, so—"

"Well, well, my son," said the gentleman softly, as Jamie looked like breaking down again. "Go on; I am interested. I didn't know things were so bad. Whose boy are you? I think your father has a fine son."

"So," said Jamie, with a burst, "take me as a mortgage, an' let dad keep Bolivar!"

What happened immediately after Jamie perhaps could not recollect in exactness, but he found himself sitting on the banker's knee and telling that gentleman every detail of the horrible struggle the family had been going through to force a living from the new land.

"And Mr. Possett thinks me his enemy?" the man said gently, after a while. "Jamie, you're a bright boy, and I'll tell you something without mentioning names. I don't

tidings to his father and mother. No wonder he dreamed dreams and saw golden prospects shining ahead through the darkness. Bolivar galloped on smartly and willingly.

But at the same moment, and very near to the boy, was another heart, full of grim despair and desperation, the heart of a man who hid himself by the side of the trail, glad of the rain, glad of the darkness which would help him to commit his sin unseen. He had no overcoat; he did not seem to miss one, but he caressed with closest care a carefully kept and shining winchester. He lay very still and motionless, save when he raised his head to peer down the trail toward the country town, or to listen for any sound. He also knew that the banker's road cart would be returning soon, and he had quickly guessed that it would bring in much money to pay irrigation men. He knew, also, the quietness of the country, and how safe they would feel, who had often come safely before the same way. So he lay in the wet, with a mind made up, a mind distorted by misery and hopelessness and starvation, seeking a hideous revenge for a fancied wrong.

He lay by a wooden, narrow, unparapeted bridge, the safest place to fire one shot that would topple men and startled team into the creek. Suddenly he heard the distant clatter of horse's hoofs, and was once alert as a dog. They came from the wrong direction, and he sneaked back into the further shadows, to escape any chance detection. The rider came on. The night had now turned stormy, indeed, and there were flashes of lightning. One of these, followed by a crash of thunder shot down as the horseman clattered onto the wooden bridge. The man in hiding saw a thickly wrapped stranger on a horse whose appearance for a moment startled him.

"I thought that was Bolivar," he muttered.

But the rider in that flickering gleam saw more. It was Jamie, and he had seen his father's face, but never, never had that face looked so horrible before. The boy was too startled to cry out, and in a second Bolivar had borne him far down the trail.

It took Jim some time to collect his wits, so horrified was he by the apparition of that ghastly white and twisted face. But Jim's wits were never very far from him, and after a minute's thinking he knew. If there is one thing a western plains' boy can talk of he can tell you of "hold-ups," of fierce men stopping stage coaches and wagons which they think hold treasure. Jamie knew his father's desperate state; he knew of the coming along that lonely road of money insecurely guarded and he knew two and two made four. He halted Bolivar and thought it out. He did not dare go back to his father, for he felt, with that face in his mind, that he would be struck and sent home. He did not dare warn the bank people, for that would hand his father over to the law. A blessed thought came to his relief. There was another trail which was sometimes taken by wagons, longer, but safer when the roads were bad and the creeks were swollen. If he could make them take that his father and the treasure both might be saved. He rode on to meet the buggy.

He halted it very shortly and explained his mission. They greeted him cheerfully, laughingly saying the banker was as nervous as an old woman, but they wouldn't go by the other trail. Jamie implored them, told them the roads were the worst ever seen and the creeks raging torrents. He deliberately lied to them. But they were obdurate and in too great a hurry to get home to take another trail. There were only two of them, and they had Jamie between them in front and tied Bolivar to the rear. So they rode cheerfully on, save Jamie.

The boy sat silent in fearful despair. He felt absolutely certain of what his father had in his mind, and he had brought with his own hand to these men the weapons to shoot at the poor desperate farmer. So far he had faithfully done his duty to his new friend and banker, but further he could not go. He could not warn them and send his father to prison and kill his mother. On and on they rode through the night.

Jamie was a very ignorant boy; a boy who certainly had never attended Sunday school in his life, but there ascended, in these quickly passing moments, from his heart a prayer. It was answered and at once he knew what to do. They were nearing the wooden bridge and his companions were laughing as merrily as ever. It is possible—let us believe it is probable—that Jamie's eyes were privileged to see further into the darkness that night than human eyes can see, but, at an incredible distance, he saw his father creeping, gun in hand, in the shadows, with still that awful look upon his face.

Jamie leaped up and cried out, "Halloa, dad! Is that you?" and jumped from the rapidly moving buggy. The two men pulled in their horses with a shout of horror, for the boy seemed to fall right under the wheels. He did, but that cry, followed by a child's shrill scream of pain, quite unnerved the waiting would-be murderer. He was trembling all over when he reached the buggy, crying only:

"Jamie, boy! What brings you here?"

The men looked at him with a lantern and recognized him.

"Mr. Possett," they cried, "is this your boy?"

"Yes," cried Jamie quickly, but very faintly. "It's dad. I guess he came to look for me. Dad, I can't stand up. Get on Bolivar and carry me home."

What passed between father and son shall never be known, but they were both very pale when the banker rode over in the morning. Jamie was not more than badly bruised. He is a great deal more to the banker now than a security for a mortgage, but only Jamie and his father know that on that eventful day his pluck and quickness saved something far more valuable than Bolivar or the farm—a soul.

The First Ball Game

"I can't go to the ball game," said Myra MacDonald. She had come up to Evelyn Burns on her bicycle to impart the disastrous news.

"Oh," said Evelyn, in a long note of horror and pity. "Not to go to the ball game!" It was the first game of the season. The High school boys were to play the Quinby Academy team. "We'll wipe up the ball grounds with 'em!" Bob Logan, who was captain, assured everybody, and the High school girls firmly and loyally believed him. The girls were going, full force. It was the prevailing opinion that the boys would make a signal failure of it without their encouraging support.

Evelyn Burns and Myra MacDonald had planned to go, of course, and to go together. Their enthusiasm might or might not have had some remote connection with the fact that Sheridan Riker and Lynn Trumbull were shortstop and pitcher respectively, and the best players in the nine.

"I can't go," said Myra, "because Remsen Walker is here. He came this morning, and he's going to stay until tomorrow."

"Who is Remsen Walker?" said Evelyn. "O, his father is an old friend of papa's. They live in Bristol. Papa goes there on business sometimes, and he has asked Mr. Walker to let Remsen come over some time to see us. And he has come; he's come today of all days. And I've got to entertain him and miss the ball game." Myra's expression spoke her scorn and vexation.

"But why?" Evelyn cried. "Take him along to the game, of course."

"No," said Myra. "I've got to take him to the library, and to the exhibition at the art gallery. Mamma suggested it, and he said he'd like to go awfully. He didn't say 'awfully'; he doesn't say anything that isn't correct. I don't believe he's any older than I am, but he's fearfully precise, and too dignified to live. He wears glasses. He doesn't talk much, and he looks kind of solemn. He wouldn't care a snap about a ball game; you'd know that the minute you saw him. I wouldn't like to mention it even."

"He must be a prig," said Evelyn. "He is," said Myra, with emphasis. "Can't somebody else take him around?" "No. Papa couldn't spare the time. O, I'm in for it," said Myra. "I'm doomed." "But you can't miss that game!" Evelyn cried. "You just can't. Wait!" She laid a reflective finger to her forehead. "There's Cousin Gerald. I'll see if he can't help you out. He isn't going to the ball game; he said he wasn't. He doesn't care for any but the big games. And he'll do it for me. Look here."

They had it settled in three minutes. Myra was doubtful as to what her father and mother might think. But she had the highest confidence in Evelyn's diplomatic powers; and she rode home with a lightened heart and hopeful.

The beauty of the plan, Evelyn said, was the perfect simplicity. At 2 o'clock she drove down to Myra MacDonald's with her cousin, Gerald Platt. Myra was on the porch, with her mother and her visitor, a tall boy with a serious expression, which his gold-rimmed glasses intensified materially. Myra introduced them, and they talked some time very agreeably. According to instructions, Gerald Platt paid especial attention to Remsen Walker. Evelyn's cousin was twenty, and a college junior and a fine fellow, and Remsen Walker was pleased by his attention, plainly.

The plot succeeded. Gerald Platt invited the boy from Bristol to go driving with him. Remsen Walker mentioned that Myra had planned to show him the library and the art exhibition, and Evelyn's cousin promised promptly to show him those things and more beside. Remsen Walker left it to Myra, and she said very graciously, that he might go. She dared not look at Evelyn for fear they would laugh. And when the two had driven off they did laugh.

"Saved!" said Evelyn. "You naughty girls," said Myra's mother, who had seen through their device. But she could not help laughing with them.

"But, mamma," said Myra, "the first ball game! How could I miss it? Remsen Walker will see the library and the pictures, and I'll see the game, and it's all right and everybody's happy. Gerald Platt is a dear!"

"I'll make up for it this evening, mamma. I'll stay at home with Remsen Walker and talk Latin to him, if he wants me to."

II.

The girls had no time to lose. The game was to be called at 2:30. They hurried away and took a car for the ball grounds. "What did I tell you? Isn't he stiff as a poker?" said Myra.

"Yes, stiffer," said Evelyn. "His father told papa that he leads his class at school. I despise boys that lead their classes!" said Myra.

And they spoke and thought no more of Remsen Walker.

The grand stand at the ball grounds was an inspiring sight. It was well filled, and in good part with high school girls, who wore their class colors and had their handkerchiefs all ready to wave at the first sight of a good play by the home team. Myra and Evelyn found seats and bit their pencils expectantly and got their score cards in readiness. The game was just beginning, and the home team had its innings.

That was an exciting game and a memorable one. The high school boys made three runs in their first inning, and the grand stand cheered noisily. But the Quinby boys scored three immediately after, and made it evident that they were not to be easily beaten. Indeed, it seemed possible that they might not be beaten at all. The score mounted upward with a free rapidity that a professional player would have laughed at; but nobody had looked for a professional game. The point was that the visiting team was getting as many runs as the high school boys. And at the end of the sixth inning they had two more.

Evelyn and Myra, in common with the

other girls, had by that time waved till their arms were lame and shouted themselves hoarse. At a ball game behavior of that sort was perfectly allowable.

"O, dear! What's the score?" said Myra.

"Nineteen to 17," said Evelyn.

"In favor of those horrid things!" said Myra.

"O, dear."

"What's happened?" said Evelyn, suddenly.

The home team had scored one more; the Quinby boys were at the bat again, and Lynn was pitching. But something had befallen him. He had made a toss; and he suddenly dropped his arm and turned abruptly, as if in pain, and went and sat down on the grass. And the others gathered around him.

"O, dear!" said Myra, once more.

"He must have wrenched his arm some-

substitute for Trumbull, and none of the others are much good at pitching; and the Quinby fellows didn't dare, and Walker's stepped right in. It's irregular, and nobody but those kids would have done it.

"Say, but he can pitch, can't he?" Myra looked at Evelyn, and Evelyn gazed back at her. They did not attempt to say anything. There did not appear to be anything to say.

Certainly, Remsen Walker could pitch.

"He's first-class! He's a star," said Gerald.

"Those fellows can't manage those balls."

Nor could they. They added nothing to their score, and in their next inning the high school team got two runs in spite of the increased vigilance of the Quinby boys.

"Twenty to nineteen," said Evelyn.

"Good!"

Their anxiety was intense. The girls palpitated, and Gerald Platt had reached as high a point of interest as any schoolboy of them all.

"Walker's at it again," he said. "What a twirl he gets on those balls! Where did he learn it? They can't touch them. Clem-



"WALKER'S AT IT AGAIN—WHAT A TWIRL HE GETS ON THEM."

how," Evelyn hazarded. And that was it, obviously. The champion pitcher had pitched too long and too ardently. He was too wise to make the attempt to go back to his place. He was played out.

The girls watched breathlessly. "What will they do?" said Evelyn.

"There isn't another boy on the team that can pitch worth a cent. They'll lose the game," said Myra, and she pounded her knee with her fist, in an agony of exasperation.

III.

The game had come to a temporary stop. Lynn Trumbull was the center of an increasing gathering of the players, and of the boys and men who had occupied the benches below the grand stand. There was small doubt of its being an amateur game; the crack pitcher was disabled, and confusion reigned. "Who is that?" said Evelyn. Bob Logan was talking with a tall boy who had joined the group. He motioned to the captain of the Quinby team, and they had a brief discussion, in which the other players had a share. And presently the tall boy pulled off his coat.

"He's offered to pitch in Lynn's place, and they're going to let him," said Evelyn. "I hope he'll pitch decently. Who is he?"

The tall boy had turned, so that he faced them. Myra MacDonald leaned forward and stared. She opened her mouth twice, without speaking. She gasped.

"Why—why?" Evelyn uttered, struggling with a like bewilderment. "It isn't—it can't be—"

But it was. It was Remsen Walker.

Myra refused to believe the evidence of her own eyes. "It can't be Remsen Walker," she said, in a small and feeble voice.

"Why—how did he get there?"

"I don't know," said Evelyn, who was beginning to laugh. "There's Gerald! They must have been here all the time, down below the stand, where we didn't see them."

Gerald saw them, and waved his hat; and the next minute he was up in the grand stand beside them.

He was laughing immoderately. He had to wait for some minutes, fanning himself with his hat, before he could talk.

"It's a joke on you girls," he said, "and it's a good one. You needn't have been in such a stew to get rid of Remsen Walker. You wouldn't have had to ask him more than once, if he'd known it was a ball game you were going to. Why, he's a baseball fiend, Walker is."

"I didn't mention the game, but he happened to see a poster on a tree that announced it, and he asked when the game was, and where, and he wanted to come. So we came. Didn't you notice the buggy when you came in?"

"Well, you ought to have seen Walker. Talk about 'roosters!' From the minute the game started he didn't know anything else. He yelled till I thought he'd turn me stone deaf, and he got his necktie around under one ear, and broke his glasses. He was perfectly happy."

"Then young Trumbull got knocked out. 'I can pitch,' said Walker, 'and I'll help them out if they'll let me.' They won't, said I; but Walker went over, as cool as a cucumber, and offered his services, and if they didn't take him! It seems he's been pitcher for the Bristol school team, and Bob Logan had heard of him; and he had no

ent catches a good game, too. I guess they're safe."

The girls were on their feet. "Well—Morton takes first base," said Gerald. "Hello! that was a hit—and Morton's on second. Now for it. Whew, that was a wild throw of Clement's—but Riker caught it. Out! Morton's out, and Flint will never get in. They can't make this up. Our boys will get the game."

And they did, with the gratifying score of 23 to 19.

But it was so plain to everybody that Remsen Walker's pitching had won the game for the home team, that the high school boys, looking at the matter calmly when the excitement of victory had somewhat subsided, came to the conclusion—Remsen Walker being an outsider, and his assistance not having been legitimate—to call the game a tie, and play another the next Saturday, if possible.

IV.

Remsen Walker, nevertheless, was the hero of the occasion. Myra and Evelyn could only stare at him; his face was flushed and perspiring, his hair was disheveled, and he was the nucleus of a vociferous crowd of players and spectators. The girls listened to the remarks which, being shouted rather than spoken, floated to them.

"Say, but you're a dandy pitcher," Lynn Trumbull said, with whole-souled admiration.

"Anybody'd think you'd played with the Baltimore," said George Clement. "Who coached you, anyhow?"

"You needn't bring your Bristol nine over



In Consultation.

here," said Bob Logan. "We won't play you; we'll give you the game beforehand."

"You won't have to stay at home tonight and talk Latin to him, after all," Evelyn observed.

"No, I can talk baseball," said Myra. And they found a vent for their mixed and pent-up feelings in laughter, which was not the less merry because it was all at their own expense.

Myra did talk baseball with Remsen

Walker that evening and she invited the S. T. C. club, which included the ball team, to come and help her. They were very glad to come. Evelyn brought Gerald Platt. And Lynn Trumbull, with his worn-out arm in a sling, came early and stayed late, and enjoyed himself.

And the boy from Bristol—well, Remsen Walker, with his eyeglasses broken, and with an established reputation as a splendid baseball player, was a totally different person from the quiet boy, stiff because of his shyness, from whom Myra and Evelyn had run away. The girls all thought him "real nice," and the boys thought him "bully." And Evelyn and Myra agreed with them.

Remsen Walker never knew the true history of that afternoon. But the girls never heard the last of it from Evelyn's cousin Gerald.

SAW VICTORIA CROWNED.

From The Baltimore American.

Mr. John Carpenter, who has lived here since 1845, was present at the crowning of Victoria at Westminster. He talked about the event without hesitating.

"Victoria," said he, "was declared the lawful heir on June 20, 1837, but on account of her age—she was not yet eighteen—the public coronation did not take place until June 28, 1838. It is a long while ago. The pageant was a magnificent one. How long my memory does not serve me, but it was gorgeous. I saw the queen. She was a fresh-looking young thing, with a happy, smiling face, as innocent-looking as she was. There was not a care upon her brow. It seems as if no thought of the stupendous responsibilities which she was assuming had come to her. She appeared utterly unconscious of her self or the part she was playing in that notable event."

"She did not appear frightened, but to the plaudits of the multitude she turned to the left and right, bowing and smiling most graciously. I had a good position on one of the thoroughfares through which the pageant passed, and got a good look at her. Of course, the trappings of her horses and the chariot and everything else were most gorgeous. And such cheering! Such crowds! People? There were people everywhere. Strange as it may seem, though the queen should have been the central figure, I think what impressed me most on that occasion was the superb appearance of Marshal Soult, the French ambassador, and his staff. Everything was gorgeous in the pageant, but Soult was more than gorgeous. I can see his trappings in my mind's eye at this minute. To attempt to describe them would be beyond my powers. Gorgeous is all I can say for them. And he knew they were gorgeous. While there was no self-consciousness about the queen, there was plenty of it about the French ambassador, and the people fed his vanity, for cheer after cheer rent the air as he passed by. There were long lines of resplendent soldiery; the brilliant uniforms, the glittering gold lace, the flashing of the arms in the sunlight, the blare of the trumpets, the cavalcades of horsemen, carriages of state—everything went to make up such a pageant as is seldom seen, and can hardly be eclipsed by anything at the present time."

"Was the queen beautiful? I can hardly say that I obtained any such impression of her. I think she was pretty. Yes, I know she was. But it was her youth and her freshness that impressed me most. She had clear-cut features, and her portraits of this date show nothing of the slender young girl with the graceful carriage I remember seeing that summer day so long ago."

Mr. Carpenter has in his possession a copy of The Sun, a paper published in London, and probably the only one to be found in this city, of the date of the coronation. It was printed at the time in gilt, all of which has nearly worn away, but the paper is in an excellent state of preservation. On the front page is a vignette profile of the young queen, which Mr. Carpenter says was an excellent likeness at the time, and an editorial note pronounces it a triumph of art.

The paper was printed on June 20, 1838, and the number in the possession of Mr. Carpenter is the twentieth edition. It contains a history of former coronations, the make-up of the pageant, and the positions of the various troops, etc., in the coronation parade, a sketch of the young queen and every matter pertaining to the event. There is also a description of the crown which was placed on the head of the youthful daughter of the duke of Kent. This crown was estimated to be worth over \$111,000.

ORIGIN OF CHOPIN'S MARCH.

From The London Post.

Few people are aware of the extraordinary circumstances under which Chopin composed his famous "Dead March." The story is told by the Paris correspondent of The London Morning Post. It seems that the inspiration came to Chopin in the studio of M. Ziem, in the Rue Lepic, and was suggested by a story told him by that artist. M. Ziem had been one evening to the studio of Prince Edmond de Polignac with Comte de Ludre and M. de Val-drome. There was a skeleton in the studio, and among other Bohemian whimsicalities Prince Edmond placed the skeleton on a chair in front of the piano and guided its fingers over the keys. "Some time later on," says M. Ziem, "Chopin came into my studio just as George Sands depicts him, the imagination hunted by the legends of the land of fogs, besieged by nameless shapes. After frightful nightmares all spectres who threatened to carry him off to hell, he came to rest in my studio. His nightmares reminded me of the skeleton scene, and I told him of it. His eyes never left my piano, and he asked: 'Have you a skeleton?' I had none; but I promised to have one that night, and so invited Polignac to dinner, and asked him to bring his skeleton. What had previously been a mere farce," continued M. Ziem, "became, owing to Chopin's inspiration, something grand, terrible and painful. Pale, with staring eyes and draped in a winding sheet, Chopin held the skeleton close to him, and suddenly the silence of the studio was broken by the broad, slow, deep, gloomy notes. The 'Dead March' was composed there and then from beginning to end."

THE CONSTITUTION. JR.



Hattie Whitten, Pendleton, S. C.—Dear Junior: I am only a little girl six years old. I have never written to The Junior before. We go to school at Bishop's Branch. Our school is out now. I study second reader. I have a large doll. I had six ducks and two of them died. I am too small to write about a subject. I have been to Georgia and had a good time but did not go to Atlanta. If I had I would have wanted to stop and see Aunt Susie. We had a picnic at our schoolhouse after school was out, but the crowd was small. As this is my first attempt to write, I will close. Love to Aunt Susie and the cousins.

Your letter is nicely written for a six-year-old girl. I hope if you ever come to Atlanta you will come and see "Aunt Susie."

Lloyd R. Byrne, Luna Landing, Ark.—I will take for my subject "Books." I like to read interesting and nice books, and have a large collection of them. I have read "Robinson Crusoe," "Swiss Family Robinson," a few of Cooper's and Dickens's and many others. My favorite authors are Miss Alcott, Dickens and Cooper. Nothing but good literature should be read, as bad books often injure many lives. Novels and love stories are read by a great many people and those who do so, generally the more they read the more they want to read, and at last some of them meet their death on the gallows or in the cell of a penitentiary, but good reading is interesting as well as instructive and teaches us to express our thoughts in a nice and choice manner. Well, I must close, with best wishes for all the cousins and The Constitution.

Kate Dowdy, Brockton, Ga.—Dear Junior: Here comes another little girl that wants to join your happy band of cousins. I will take for my subject "Brother and Sister." Who can tell the thoughts that cluster around the word "sister?" How ready she is to forgive the follies of a brother. She never deserts him. In adversity she clings closely to him, and in trials she cheers him. When the bitter voice of reproach is poured in his ears she is ever-ready to hush its hard tones, and to turn his attention away from its painful notes. Let him move in pleasant paths, she hangs clusters of flowers about him. With best wishes for Aunt Susie and the cousins, I close.

Pearl Russell, Round Mountain, Tex.—Dear Junior: Here comes a little girl ten years old wishing to join your happy band. I live two miles from the beautiful little village of Round Mountain. I am the only girl to help mamma, and as our school ended last week I am trying to learn to work. Yesterday was my brother's birthday, and I baked him a nice cake. I will give a recipe for the same: Two cups of sugar, one cup of butter, one cup sweet milk and two teaspoonsful baking powder, four eggs; flavor to taste. I have a big pet cat; his name is Carlo. I also have four little kittens.

W.E. Dowdy, Brockton, Ga.—Dear Junior: As I have never written to the young folks' column, have decided I would try and write a few words. I think it is so nice to have a page set apart in the grand old Constitution for the young people to write to and improve their time, and the letters are all so interesting. As Aunt Susie has requested us to write on some subject, I will take "Choice of Companions" for mine. We, all of us, by nature possess this quality to such a degree that our character, habits and principals take their form and color from those of our intimate associates. Young men are in general but little aware how much their reputation is effected in the view of the public by the company they keep. The character of their associates is soon regarded as their own. I will close by answering Naomi's and Grace's question: The word "girl" occurs but once in the Bible; third chapter and third verse of Joel.

Druc'e Gilbert, Good Hope, Miss.—Dear Junior: I will take for my subject "The Model Girl." To be a model girl, we must practice it daily, as "practice makes perfect." The model girl can be a domestic girl; she can be nice and refined, and everything that it takes to make a model; she can play on the piano or organ; she can go in the cookroom and prepare a meal; knit a sock, or darn it if necessary; she can make any garment worn by mother or father; in fact, she must be domestic-like in order to take burdens and cares from her mother. At any and all times she stands with a ready and willing hand to take all burdens from mother she can. She is kind to the little ones, and she studies as to how she can please them best. The model girl is generally successful in all her undertakings. There are a number of different ways by which a girl may become a model, but if the ones I have just given are carried out, we might consider ourselves models—yes, a model, and should be the choice of each and every man for a model wife; the sunshine in the home and blessing to the world.

Ethel Gaintson, Lisbon, Ark.—Rap a tap, tap! Who comes here? It's a little Arkansas girl, begging admittance. You would hardly call me an Arkansas girl, either, for I have lived here only two years. I was born in Marshalltown, Ia., but when I was five months old my parents moved to Nebraska, where we lived until two years ago. I love the south. I prefer the beautiful shade trees in preference to the burning prairies of the north. How many of the Juniors have seen the Vikespeak mountains? I have, and thought it a grand

sight. I am only eleven years old, but I have seen a great deal of this beautiful world for one so young. In the past six years I have been in six states and two territories, namely, Wyoming, Colorado, Nebraska, Kansas, Missouri, Iowa and Arkansas and the territories of Oklahoma and Indian. I enjoy reading of the Juniors' letters. I have no pets, except a canary bird and a dear, baby brother three years old. I get up at 4 o'clock every morning and help mamma get breakfast. I wash the dishes, make up the beds and tidy up the rooms. Mamma says just as nice as she could do it. Success to The Constitution and best wishes to the Juniors. I am one of your happy band.

Crystal Ray, Cross Keys, S. C.—My Dear Aunt Susie: I am a little girl eight years old and have no brothers nor sisters. My chief pet is a large cat named "Buzz," and he is older than myself. I have a lovely wax doll nearly as large as I am and a doll carriage. I have a great many dolls—one is named for the third president of the United States and another "Susie," for you. My mamma teaches me at home, for I live in the country and quite a distance from any school. We used to live in the pleasant town of Clinton, S. C., which is beautifully situated on the Richmond and Danville and Georgia, Carolina and Northern railroads. I enjoyed living there and hope to again reside there when I get older. I intend joining the Presbyterian church. My mamma takes The Constitution. I would like to correspond with Jesse Dickey, Mineral Bluff, Ga. I wonder if any of the "Juniors" have "pet uncles?" I have. He is my papa's brother—Uncle Lige Ray. I am not going to let any of the young ladies claim him—he is mine! I trust you will publish my letter, as I have tried so hard to write it well. This is my first letter. All love to Aunt Susie.

Knox Hughey, Hughey, Tenn.—Dear Junior: I am a little boy eleven years old; I read all your letters. I like to read; have read "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "Robinson Crusoe" lately. I am working now on the farm. We are planting peas. I have been interested in the Grady hospital list and inclose 5 cents for it. I love country life better than town. I love horses, cows and pigs too well to be deprived of them, as we are in town. I would like to own a bicycle and learn to ride.

Annie Cartledge, Tempe, Ariz.—I have long been a silent admirer of your column and I wrote to you once before and did not see my letter in your column. I thought I would write again. I live in the beautiful Salt river valley, eight miles south of Tempe. Papa has been taking The Constitution for about one year and I like to read it very much, especially the Junior column. I will close with much love for Aunt Susie and the cousins.

J. C. Johnston, Danville, Ga.—Boys, who of you will swap me a pair of Cornish Indian game chickens or a pair of Buff or Partridge Coochen chickens or a pair of Pekin ducks for a new private line telephone? simple in construction, durable, can be put up by a boy; will reproduce sound of voice in natural tone three miles. I have four sets of 'phones to dispose of. I want only thoroughbred poultry, male and female of each kind. Write quick.

"Lilac," Rock Spring, Ga.—I will take for my subject "Politeness." It is a Christian duty. A man has no more right to be impolite than he has to steal. Politeness is often synonymous with Christianity; that is, politeness will often lead a man to do the same things which Christianity will lead him to do. Politeness keeps a man from saying that which will needlessly wound another's feelings. So does Christianity. Politeness keeps a man from indulging in habits which annoy those around him. So does Christianity. Politeness is often Christianity applied to the manners. I live near the Chickamauga National park and if this is printed I will write again some time and describe it. Long live Aunt Susie and The Constitution.

Emma Kirby, Gaffney, S. C.—Dear Junior: As I have not seen any letters from this part of the state, I will try and write one. I was ten years old the 14th of January. Papa takes several papers, but I like The Constitution best. I am fond of music. We have two banjos and a violin. I can pick a banjo and play a violin very well. I live in the country in a beautiful house which is located on a large hill and is surrounded with large shade trees. Cousins, I would tell you more of my house and would tell you about my pets, but it is getting late and I am getting sleepy, so I will close, with best wishes to Aunt Susie and the cousins. I send 10 cents for the Grady hospital.

Emma Pullen, Yellow Dirt, Ga.—Dear Junior: Will you permit a little Georgia girl to join your happy circle? I am a little girl thirteen years old. My mother takes The Constitution and I like it very well. I live way down on the Chattahoochee river and near the mouth of Yellow Dirt creek. Here the air is balmy, sweet and pure. The scenery of the river is very beautiful, especially on the banks where the trees are covered with vines and flowers. I have a little sister eleven years old. Her name is Eula. We like very much to take long walks and gather wild flowers and sweet gum. I send 10 cents to the Grady hospital.

W. H. Kerlen, Elberton, Ga.—Dear Constitution: Please permit me to answer Miss Elva Peters's puzzle in The Junior column, which is: "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." The puzzle was very nicely gotten up indeed, and reflects much credit on such a brilliant young lady. I enjoy reading The Junior department very much, and in the controversies between the young ladies and young gentlemen in regard to the boys asserting that they were superior to girls, the girls came out victorious.

Johnnie Walthall, Hinton, Ala.—Dear Cousins: In this letter I want to show you some of the importance of beginning early to give serious attention to our conduct. As soon as we are capable of reflection we must perceive that there is a right and a

wrong in human actions. We see that those who are born with the same advantages are not always equally prosperous in the course of life. While some of them, by wise and steady conduct, attain distinction in the world and spend their days with comfort and honor, others, by mean and vicious behavior, forfeit the advantages of their birth and involve themselves in much misery. Early then may we learn that it is one the part which we act that our welfare depends. Now, when beginning to act that part we should regulate our plan of conduct with the most serious attention before we have committed any errors. If we allow ourselves to float loose on the tide of life, ready to receive any direction which the current of fashion may chance to give us, what can we expect to follow from such beginnings. The author of our being both enjoined us to "take heed to our ways;" to remember our Creator in the days of our youth. He has promised that they only "who seeketh after wisdom shall find it." By listening to these admonitions and tempering the vivacity of youth with a proper mixture of serious thought, we may ensure cheerfulness for the rest of life. I would like to correspond with some of the older cousins.

Annie Maud Savell, Roanoke, Ala.—Dear Junior: Our school at the Roanoke Normal College has just closed, and we pupils will have rest until the 1st of September. Oh, our exhibition exercises and entertainments were delightful. None left that handsomely decorated college hall without being most favorably impressed with the faculty's ability to polish and refine the many little jewels that are put in their care for instruction, culture and training. I wish some of you Juniors could have witnessed an operetta in our exercises. It was the songs of different singing birds, represented by the sweetest songsters of the school. Oh, it was simply superb. The girls sang so sweetly that they reminded me of a lovely spring morning, when the birds congregate to happily carol their morning hymns. Junior boys, when you go out with your guns sporting, think of these birds. Think of their innocent little throats pouring out such marvelous sweetness of song. They make the world better and brighter for their living in it. Let me prevail on you never to shoot another one of these pretty songsters. At the closing exercises of our school an eminent lecturer said: "The boys did well, but the girls far surpassed them in their gracefulness and literary attainments. So, Junior boys, let the question of superiority drop forever. The girl in this, the nineteenth century, are like beautiful truth—you cannot crush them, for they will rise and prevail. Correspondence solicited from some of the Junior girls of my age—eleven years.

Patty Malone, Roseland, Ga.—Dear Junior: Did you ever think what a grand accomplishment it is to be a writer? That is one talent I earnestly covet. When I read a good book or an article of real merit it awakens in me a desire to produce something, too, of value, and I begin to dream and wonder why I do not try to write something. Then it occurs to me that there must be a beginning, and that, perhaps, is why I am going to write this letter, thinking that it may be the first step to some high literary attainment. The way to be a successful writer, I am told, is to begin at the bottom and go up step by step, and I shall call this letter the first round in the ladder.

I live in south Georgia, a very good section of the state. We have some very pretty scenery here, but not so striking and picturesque as it is in the northern part of the state. Many years ago, before the white man came, Indians lived here and used to chase the deer and other wild animals through the forests, but they are of a past age. Indians have been routed, deer slain, the stately trees of the forests have had to succumb to the woodman's ax. The hunting grounds of the red men have been converted into vast stretches of cultivated fields. Time has almost eradicated all signs of the Indian's home here. Sometimes in walking over the fields we find fragments of Indian relics. I have a very pretty arrowhead that was found recently. It is not broken. There is the grave of an Indian chief only a short distance from here. It, perhaps, was made years and years ago. The oldest Indians could give no account of when it was made when questioned by the earliest white settlers. If I see my letter in the children's corner I may write again soon.

Franklin Godard, Goggansville, Ga.—I am a jolly boy of nearly ten summers. I have a pet dog. He was named when I got him—Cleveland, for Grover Cleveland—and I think from what I have heard papa say about the ex-president that he is disposed like him. He is all for self. He is a bird dog and is very fond of hunting; so is Grover Cleveland. Mamma says he is roguish; nevertheless, I am very fond of him. All I can say in reference to the subject that has been discussed so long between the boys and girls is this: I think that all the girls are pretty and sweet; that God made them to be loved and respected by the boys. "So mote it be." Wishing you all success, I bid you adieu.

Leta and Mamie Godard, Goggansville, Ga.—We come asking admittance into the merry band of cousins. We are sisters, ages eight and six years, and live in the country. We do not envy the city cousins at all, for we are so fond of wild flowers and berry hunting. There is a little stream of water near our house that we also enjoy playing in some times. We have the best teacher in the world. We have two pets, a kitten and a pig that grandfather gave us. We were real amused at little sister and our kitten yesterday. She brought kitty in mamma's room; mamma asked her what was the matter with it. She said, "I shingled it." She had cut its hair right close on its head and back, which made it look real funny. She had seen papa shingle brother's hair, which prompted her to shingle kitty's. Each one of us has two dolls and a tea set apiece that Santa Claus brought us Christmas.

I (Leta) write with my left-hand. My right arm has been broken, which caused me to be left-handed. If we are admitted we will come again some time. Much love to you, Aunt Susie.

"Belle," Greenville, Ala.—Dear Junior: I am a great admirer of the Junior depart-

ment, but from a sense of timidity I have kept silent, and now as I have gained courage I will come forward. I think it so nice that the young people are taking such an interest in this department. I will take for my subject "Religion." It is said that without religion life is an utter failure. We can live by it and can die by it. I like to read good religious books above all others. It seems as though some people do not regard it as a necessity in life, but the time will come when they shall know whether or not it is our duty to engage in religious works. We are indeed blessed with religion and now it is our duty to help send it to the heathens, who have not had that blessed privilege.

"I will answer 'Leuretta's' question. It was Balaam to whom the dumb beast spoke words of wisdom.

Margie Bennett, Benton, Ark.—I will take for my subject "Well Begun Is Half Done." We all know that when we begin anything well it will very likely end well. A good beginning is half the battle. If we get up in the morning in a good humor with a determination to make a success of the day, we will very likely succeed. It makes no difference what we undertake in life, if we wish to make a success of it we must begin in the right way. If we wish our lives to be useful, if we wish to be men and women that everybody will honor and love, let's make a good beginning while young. While we are at school we should improve our time and make good the opportunity to learn. Don't waste the golden moments of youth. Remember that if we don't make a good beginning we will be in danger of making a bad ending. By making a good beginning I don't mean to have plenty of money, or to have no higher ambition in life than to be rich. We should all begin life resolved to make ourselves useful; and to live such lives that when we are dead; when our friends gather around our graves, they can truthfully say that they themselves and the world at large have been benefited by our having lived. Dear young friends, let our motto ever be: "Well begun is half done." Correspondents solicited.

Flossie R. Fairlawn, N. C.—Dear Junior: I will take for my subject "Memory." Memory is one of the most important of our faculties. Without it we can gain no knowledge of anything. The mind must have the power of storing up and recalling past experiences before we can accomplish anything.

The learning of the scholar, the inspiration of the poet, the heroism of the warrior all depend upon memory. Even conscience itself could not exist without memory. It is a matter of the highest importance that the memory be carefully cultivated. When anything is once passed it is gone forever. But in another sense it is still present with us guiding, warning and encouraging us. Much of our pleasures and enjoyments are derived from past recollections. The highest pleasures of life are the fond memories of childhood days. It has been well said, "He who imparts an hour's enjoyment to another increases the sum of his happiness while the memory of it lasts." In the hour of gloom and despondency one may enjoy the picture of some past pleasure or feed on the memory of some happy moment which has long since perished, but can never be lost to him this side of the grave. If we pay strict attention to any one thing we are sure to remember it distinctly.

Then if we improve and strengthen the faculty of attention we improve the memory.

I am afraid my letter has grown too long to have a place with the others, so I will bid you adieu forthwith and immediately.

Emma Tuckette, Molino, Tenn.—Dear Junior: I became very much interested in the voting subject and would have written ere now had not all been said and more too that I could have said.

How many of you have read English history? I have just finished Macauley's history and like it very much. However, I do not appreciate the sketch he gives of the life of one of my heroes—William Penn—as he says Penn is almost idolized by Americans, yet he makes him a very despicable character. We must praise Penn the more when we realize the pure life he led while living through the anti-Puritan reaction of Charles II.

Oh, such a wicked time and such a worthless king! Is it not remarkable that England rose to the place of empire among European powers when she had so many wicked rulers? I feel that we should be proud to be descendants of a people who prosper under so many adversities.

It is good for us to read history, if for no other reason than to make us contented. In reading history we can so much the better appreciate this age of refinement and real pleasure. We need look back but a few centuries in English history to find the people of the "polite society" a cruel, vulgar people.

Girls, we should never cease being thankful that we make our homes on this mundane sphere in the nineteenth century, where we can be loved and respected by man for our real worth.

Oh, yes, history teaches us that we are living in the "golden age." No one who is correctly informed as to the past will take a morose or desponding view of the present. So we girls are going to be satisfied on the voting question, which has been so ably discussed by the cousins. We are content (for we vote you as we will, but don't, don't say that we are your inferiors. Please find inclosed 10 cents for the Grady hospital.

The Old Man's Idea.

John's home from the college
An' got lots o' knowledge;
Been loafin' around here a week;
He makes a good showin',
But ain't much on hoein',
An' he don't plow the ground up in Greek!

This here eddication
Is good fer the nation—
Larns people ter write an' ter speak,
But I'll tell all creation:
On this here plantation
You can't make the craps grow with Greek!

YEARLY HONOR ROLL.

The Brightest Pupils of the '96 and '97 School Year.

Davis Street.

Sixth Grade—Jessie Miller, 97.2; Myra Stubbs, 96.8; Laura Adamson, 96.5; Sophie Latimer, 95.5. Honorable mention, Pauline Osburn, 94.5.

Fifth Grade—Maud Brown, 96.2; Birdie Hill, 96.1; Mary McDonald, 95.9; Myrtle Myers, 95.4; Anton Breitenbacher, 95.

Fourth Grade—Hattie Somerville, 96; Laura Turner, 97.6; Leo Bishop, 96.5; Bessie Adamson, 96.2; Nellie Scott, 96.2; Laura Milam, 95.

Third Grade—Mary Soyex, 97.1; Bula Holland, 96.3; Annie Carraway, 95.6.

Second Grade—Minnie Turner, 97.9; Nellie Brown, 97.4; Freddie Adamson, 96.5; Floy Bishop, 96.4; Nellie McDonald, 96.7; Mary Borowsky, 95.5.

First Grade—Cora Allen, 98.5; Lura Allen, 98.5; Lawrence Puckett, 98.5; Annie Turner, 98; Nellie Strickland, 97.8; Grady Gloer, 97; Bessie Vawter, 96.8; Gustie Martin, 96.7; Ruth Carlsen, 96.5; Tom Seay, 96; Beune Walker, 96; Sydney Thurman, 96; Ernest Brown, 95.2; Stuart Milam, 95.1; Elma Cawthon, 95; Ruth Harbin, 95; Irene Manning, 95; Ester Lyon, 95.

Fair Street.

Eighth Grade—Julia Wright, 96.2; Alina Clayton, 96.9; Fannie Burney, 96.8; Ona Shackelford, 96; Nannie Dogherthy, 95.6.

Seventh Grade—Nellie McDonald, 97.34; Mabel Kendrick, 97.3; Karl Cochran, 96.3.

Sixth Grade—First honor, Kittle Westbrook, 97.33; second honor, Leo Giles, 96.31.

Fifth Grade—Julia Bone, 97.7; A. K. Beck, 97.7; Dora Snyder, 97.3; May Boring, 97.3; A. M. Burke, 97; Lee Mangum, 95.4.

Fourth Grade—A—Mamie Green, 98.2; Marion Holsonbeck, 96.9; Romie Harris, 96.8; Callie Prather, 96.2.

Fourth Grade, B—Sybil Kendrick, 96.27; Katie Freeman, 96.21; Freda Reas, 95.4; Joyce Wood, 96.2; Elizabeth Sharp, 94.5.

Third Grade, A—Pearl Dornell, 97; Hattie Schwarz, 95.7.

Third Grade, B—Georgia Kendrick, 96; Charley Boone, 95.

Second Grade, A—Winnie Freeman, 97.5; Bertha Schwartz, 97.1; Juliet Freeman, 96.6; Bennie Schwartz, 96.6; Mary White, 95.4.

Second Grade, B—Jessie Nunn, 97.5; Nora Jett, 96.6; Arthur Strickland, 95.4.

First Grade, A—Margurite Miller, 98.2; Gertrude Jeffreys, 98; Flora Cornett, 96.6; Mary Ralle, 96.4; Grace Holsebeck, 96.3; Helen Vaughan, 96.2; James Cochran, 95.1; Nellie Frank Freeman, 95; Eva Reeves, 95.

First Grade, B—Gilbert Harris, 98.1; Mattie May Green, 97.9; Isaac Allenson, 97.1; Ola Belle Herren, 97; Edgar Barrey, 96.7; Mabelle Nix, 96.3; Josie Rice, 96.2; Cleone Butler, 95.8; Fannie Gaar, 95.8.

Crew Street.

Eighth Grade—First honor, Cleve Kingsberry, 97.7; second honor, Hattie Blackford, 96.9.

Seventh Grade—First honor, Carrie Westmoreland, 98; second honor, Pansy Stewart, 97.

Sixth Grade—First honor, Valerie Rich, 97.8; second honor, Mary Hackman, 97.4.

Sixth Grade B—First honor, Mary Ashbury, 95.1; second honor, Lounet Garrett, 94.8.

Fifth Grade A—First honor, Helen Muse, 97.8; second honor, Mary Hackman, 97.4.

Fifth rGade B—First honor, Marcella Kendrick, 97.1; second honor, Olga Mitchell, 95.3.

Fourth Grade A—First honor, Marie Thomas, 97.9; second honor, Helen Satzky, 97.9.

Fourth Grade B—First honor, Katie Harris, 98.3; second honor, Anita Stewart, 97.9.

Third Grade A—First honor, Mary Walker, 96.3; second honor, Roland Boyden, 95.8.

Third Grade B—First honor, Fanny Simenhoff, 94.3; second honor, Minnie Jacobs, 94.2; second honor, Ola Thompson, 94.2.

Second Grade A—First honor, Leontine Day, 96.6; nrst honor, Ethel Daniel, 96.6; second honor, Lewis Parker, 96.5.

Second Grade B—First honor, Nanny Kalanow, 96.7; second honor, Fanny Cohen, 95.7.

Second Grade C—First honor, Zelma Washington, 96.7; second honor, Willie Sullivan, 93.3.

First Grade A—First honor, Mine Harden, 96.6; second honor, Charles Bean, 96.1.

First Grade B—First honor, Florence Roberts, 97.3; second honor, Willie Loyles, 97.2.

First Grade C—First honor, Banny Hood, 97.9; second honor, Evan Lyon, 97.8.

State Street.

Eighth Grade—Annie Clark, 96.6; Etta Massell, 96.3; Maggie Bunten, 95.6.

Seventh Grade—Janie Arnold, 97; Berna Johnson, 96.8.

Sixth Grade—Mary Bramlett, 96.6; May Belle Davis, 94.9; Miller Baker, 94.4.

Fifth Grade—Willie Church, 97.1; Elodie Daniel, 96.5; Mattie Sowers, 96; Alice Davis, 96.3; Adelaide Allen, 95.

Fourth Grade—Ethel Kinney, 97.4; Julia Bridges, 97.1; Mary Poole, 96.6.

Third Grade—James Coble, 97.6; Lois Byers, 97.5; Clara Zurline, 96.9; David Reid, 96.5; Alberta White, 96.1; Dora Lawless, 96.5; Lee Peek, 95.3; Nettie Shaw, 95.1; Lottie Loftis, 95.

Second Grade—Willie Dean Carter, 96.9; Fred Stockton, 98.4; May Davis, 97.2; Susie Lewis, 96.1; Elmina Nance, 95.9; Cora Akins, 96.7; Flora Teague, 95.6; Effie Harmon, 95.4; Ruby Chambers, 95.3; Cora Johnson, 95.1; Estelle Cox, 95; Laura Welch, 95; Essie Lanford, 95.

First Grade—Joe Chapman, 97.5; Lottie Smith, 97.1; Josie Schmidt, 96.9; Puryear Pickens, 96.7; Annie Baker, 95.8; Doria Brown, 95.8; Eula Mackey, 95.7; Elmer Cox, 95.3; Grady Webb, 95.3; Leonard Denton, 95; Laurence Stanback, 95.

Formwalt Street.

Seventh Grade—Rosie Liebermuth, 96.1; Minnie Whitfield, 95.4; Essie Frank, 95.3.

Sixth Grade—May Haverty, 97.2; Marie

O'Neill, 96.5; Cohen Loeb, 96; Will Davidson, 95.9.

Fifth Grade—Florence Liebermuth, 96.7; Cella Manasse, 96.1; Louise Printup, 96; Herman Haas, 95.7; Winnie Hind, 95.6; Jessie Gordon, 95.2.

Fourth Grade—Jessie May Lynch, 96.1; Mattie Wilkins, 96.1; Eugene Cronheim, 96; Nellie Durdin, 95.2.

Third Grade—Genevieve Sewell, 98.6; Maud Haverty, 97.7; Alyce Ormond, 95.8; Hinda Roberts, 95.7; George Leake, 95.2; Edna Goldberg, 95.1; Luta Madison, 95.1.

Second Grade—Florence Fox, 97.2; Etta Beaumont, 97.2; Bennie May, 97; Josephine Lyons, 96.7; Maggie Burge, 96.6; Winchester Barnwell, 96.5; Vera McClure, 96.5; Irene Dickinson, 96.4; Fannie Manasse, 96; Neil Printup, 95.9; Earl Webster, 95.6; Gerald Selby, 95.4; Clara Camp, 95.1; Clinton Brown, 95; Livingston Wright, 95.

First Grade—Annie Bullard, 97.1; Lila Triay, 96.4; Robert Haverty, 96; Ola Green, 95.9; J. C. Young, 95.6; Norma Clement, 95.4; Katie Burden, 95.2; Clara Joe Lynch, 95.

Edgewood Avenue.

Eighth Grade—Vessey Rainwater, 98.2.

Seventh Grade—Eva Peek, 97.6; Addie Durdin, 95.9; Erin Cunningham, 95.2; Lilly Elsas, 95; Mattie Cunningham, 94.9.

Sixth Grade—Mary Fraser, 96.1; Mae Smith, 95.6; Mabel Hurt, 95.5.

Fifth Grade—Clyde Smith, 94.7; Ada McCurdy, 94.5; Bessie Stahl, 94.4; Charley Hooper, 94.4.

Fourth Grade—Rosa Hughes, 98; Floy

Wise Wood, 95.9; Etelle Dickert, 95.5; Joe Arnold, 95.5.

Seventh Grade—Daisy Phillips, 95.56; Willie Belle Campbell, 95.36; Fay Sanner, 95.36.

Sixth Grade—Jay McBride, 97.3; Ethel Foster, 96.6; Mary Thompson, 96.4; May Ware, 96.3; Ray Dickert, 96.8; Lucia Jeter, 95.6; Eunice Smith, 95.1; C. W. McCalla, 95.

Honorable Mention—George Eaves, 94.2.

Fifth Grade—Rose Wood, 97.9; Blanche Cochran, 97; Alline Ballard, 96.3; Cassie Greer, 95.7.

Fourth Grade—Fred Hart, 96.6; Talmage Moses, 96.2; Loyd Greer, 96.1; Lynwood Waters, 96; Ella Menken, 95.9; Sinclair Anderson, 95; Adelaide Thomson, 95.

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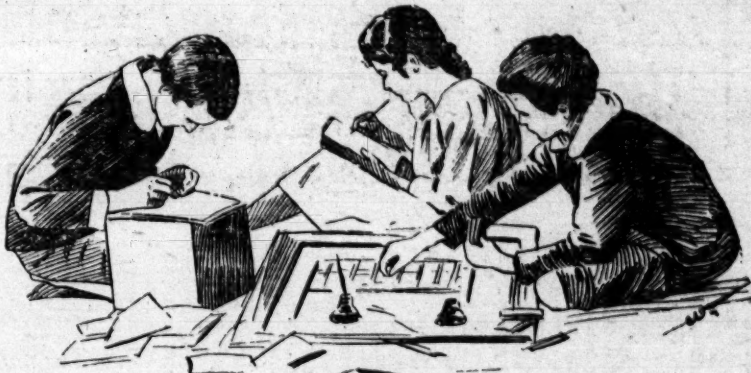
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Ivy Street.

Eighth Grade—Fanny Turner, 98.510; Julia Traylor, 98.253; Margaret Whiteside, 98.119; Maggie Driver, 97.513; Minnie Abel, 97.766; Bessie Hunter, 97.021; Kate Guerard, 95.807; Sara Cobb, 95.756; Rachel Millam, 95.483; Harold Wey, 95.36.

Seventh Grade—Mae Andrews, 98.7; Ethel Burke, 97.2; Willie Hood, 97.2; Kathleen Wright, 96.57; Mamie Campbell, 96.2; Willie Thomas, 95.07.

Sixth Grade—Zole Cannon, 98.3; Janie McMahan, 97.7; Julia Paisly, 97; Isabel Stephens, 96.9; Ethel Morgan, 95.8; Phillip Wey, 95.2.



THE EDITORS AT WORK.

Porter, 97; Lula Dempsey, 94.4; Jimmie Stafford, 94.2.

Third Grade—Sofronia Durdin, 97.6; Kittle Cunningham, 97.4; Onida Ragsdale, 95.3; Charley Carpenter, 95.3; Maude Henderson, 95; Nellie Johnson, 94.7.

Second Grade—Kattie Hammerschmidt, 97.6; Maggie Wolcott, 97.6; Mamie Thornton, 97; Elsa Stahl, 96.5; Josie Rainwater, 96.1; Charley Willbanks, 95; Eloise McLain, 95.

First Grade—Maggie Voss, 97.3; Howard Vardeman, 97.1; Alethea Latham, 97.1; Laura Bridwell, 96.8; Lorena White, 96.5; Lula McCarthy, 96.4; James Butler, 96.4; Walter McLean, 96.4; Joseph McCook, 96.4; Lonnie Hughes, 96.4; Irene Johnson, 96.4; Charles Cunningham, 95.8; Ruby Porter, 95.6; Arthur Vining, 95.6; Frank Haney, 95.6; Paul Carpenter, 95.6; Robert Woodruff, 95.

Marietta Street.

Eighth Grade—Mary Kate Dozier, 97.3; Lizzie Spear, 97; Tommie Dozier, 96.4; Johnnie Pickett, 95.3.

Sixth Grade—Tessie Wofford, 95.3; May Towers, 95.1.

Fifth Grade—Madge Lawshe, 97.8; Daisy Holland, 97.4; Henrietta Pilgrim, 97.3.

Fourth Grade—Martha Morris, 97.5; Clifford Lochridge, 95.7; Ava Awtry, 95.7; Irene Lupo, 95.2; Louise Johnson, 95.2.

Third Grade—Dora Galoway, 96.4; Ernest Edmondson, 95.9; Nellie Gallaher, 95.1.

Second Grade—Kate Callahan, 97.9; Lizzie Leathers, 97.1; Maud Lawshe, 97; Ida Smith, 96.8; Pearl Stewart, 96.3; Lula Galoway, 96.3; Sam Miller, 95.2; Jack Guard, 95.

First Grade—Lucy Nash, 98.7; Clio Smith, 96.7; Cora Rice, 96.6; Arthur Meeks, 96.4; Sanford Awtry, 96.3; Meloin Thebaut, 95.9.

Fraser Street.

Eighth Grade—Mary Farmer, 96.57; Azelea Chandler, 96.25; Annie Tenenbaum, 95.67; Cornelia Mayfield, 95.

Seventh Grade—Herman Hoge, 97.7; Lena Clements, 97.5; Willie Thurman, 96.1; Miles Dennis, 95.

Sixth Grade—Jennie Howell, 97.1; Anna Meyers, 95.3; Theo Bowie, 95.2.

Fifth Grade—Petrina Cefalu, 96.6; Willie Hughes, 95.

Fourth Grade—Eva Mims, 98.3; Herbert West, 97.1; Estelle Cook, 96.8; Stephen West, 96.1; Clara Hancock, 96; Roy Rivers, 95.9; Lurah Rice, 95.4; Ernest Brantley, 95.2.

Third Grade—Leila Brown, 98.1; Florette Butcher, 97.6; Harry Kirkpatrick, 97.2; Marie Camp, 96.6; Mary Myers, 96; Helen Ware, 95.4; Mattie Morgan, 95.3; Nellie Catlett, 95.2.

Second Grade—James Gryder, 97.8; Else Rex, 97.8; Georgia Butcher, 97.6; Catherine Craige, 97.5; Nora Jordan, 97.5; Earl Martin, 97.1; Frank House, 96.7; Kirby Brown, 96.2; Edna Blackman, 95.9; Murphey Rice, 95.9; Isabel Hooker, 95.1; Lula Hix, 95.

First Grade—Josephine Davis, 99; Robert Huffman, 98.6; Antoinette Blackburn, 98.3; Helen Goldsmith, 95.1; Pearl Fuller, 97.9; Ada Bell, 97.7; Cecil Cheney, 97.1; Ira Dunsmore, 97; Cleo Mims, 96.7; Kirven Weekley, 96; Willie Harmon, 95.9; Lois Farmer, 95.5; Bartow Morgan, 95.

The Boulevard.

Eighth Grade—Daisy von de Leth, 97.65; Medora Askew, 97.63; Tom Seidell, 96; Eme-

Wise Wood, 95.9; Etelle Dickert, 95.5; Joe Arnold, 95.5.

Seventh Grade—Daisy Phillips, 95.56; Willie Belle Campbell, 95.36; Fay Sanner, 95.36.

Sixth Grade—Jay McBride, 97.3; Ethel Foster, 96.6; Mary Thompson, 96.4; May Ware, 96.3; Ray Dickert, 96.8; Lucia Jeter, 95.6; Eunice Smith, 95.1; C. W. McCalla, 95.

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ROBERT BARR

pride and scorn of petty mean-
her horridities. She is a sister
Cae. She will buy flowers for the
en if the larder is empty, and if
a windfall in the form of a leg-
half of it to the marble tomb-
church and the other half in some
personal adornment, even though
the larder and cupboard are empty.
Cry is a crying need in the house-
woman needs little encourag-
the south. She sends out her
notes to the northern suffrage soci-
other petitions in the state assem-
the popular will. The cry is hear,
sometimes it comes out that the wo-
suffrage associations of the south
a talked abroad, have membership
efficient to furnish the necessary em-
succubita (Watermelons Gln) with
sophistries. The Great Kinky and
Cure. apr 23 sun tue thu

Stack" for bugs. Used by U. S.
Liquid insect powder. See Sun's
may 13-14.



You Seemed to be Very Sure of Your Information, Mr. H.

From The New York Sun.
The southern girl is many-sided. She is

What a Writer in The New York Sun

Thinks of This Bewitching Product.

The southern girl is many-sided. She is mettlesome and sentimental, practical and fanciful by turns, apt to dance divinely and to flirt, and to be not overcareful nor over-industrious, but she never forgets to say her prayers, and she has unshaken faith in humankind.

In man she believes implicitly. She may not believe all the rapturous things he says to her, but she credits him with generous impulses, thinks him capable of all the higher emotions, and values him as a comrade, an admirer and a repository for her confidence. If he tumbles out of the niche where she has put him, she wonders, ~~how she will~~ ^{how she will} make exception and to set him up again, after due scolding and punishment. She has unbounded confidence in his ability for smoothing over rough places for her and removing any obstacles that may rise in her way. Men are always good to women, she thinks; her father is, and so is her brother and her husband.

The southern girl enjoys with all her heart. She likes music and motion and life and color, and plenty of nice people about her saying pleasant things. She likes all this, but she is seldom mercenary. Reared usually among simple surroundings, the greed for money has not entered into her mind. It is not her aim for her to have attained, by her twentieth year, the new money, or to be married or supposed outside of a private house in her life. She likes the parson who pleases her, independent of his extrinsic surroundings, and at any time will slight the attentions of a "good match" to devote herself to the man whose waist she

She is generous and tactful, with all her dawdling ways and languid airs. She can turn her last season's ball dress upside down and inside out and make it look almost as good as new, and she can darn the parlor curtains almost as well as grandmother could, and change the furniture round so that the shabby spots will be in the shade. She can arrange a dish of fruit to resemble a poem, make an evening bonnet out of next to nothing, and, last but not least, she can rattle off nonsense with an infectious delight that makes her the

The southern girl's woman, born in the murky atmosphere of the late sixties, imperfectly educated, debarr'd from advantages which her parents craved for her will give the stranger an impression of culture which, perhaps, a critical examination would not bear out.

Courageous as she is in an emergency, however, in her effort to accommodate the family needs to the family traditions, the southern girl often is whimsical in her notion of facing facts. A southern woman who has lived long in the north recently went to a young drinker in a southern city, to see a very attractive-looking girl with dimples and wonderful dark eyes came forward to greet her.

"Yes, I do sewing," she said, "but I want to set you right about something. I was at the window just now and heard you ask if this was where Miss B., the dressmaker, lived. I know you must be a stranger, because everybody here knows us and would know that I was no ordinary dressmaker."

Of course the visitor offered to withdraw, and expressed regret at her apparent intrusion, explaining that she must have misunderstood the directions she had received.

"Oh, no, there is no misunderstanding," she was told. "I shall be glad to do your work, and will try to please you, but I can't bear to be mistaken for a dressmaker."

The girl made the gown in question and

The southern girl is a paradox, with her capacity for unselfishness and absurdity, with her pride and scorn of petty meanness and her serious strivings after the economical. She will buy flowers for the table even if the larder is empty, and if she gets a windfall in the form of a legacy she will put half of it in a marble cross for the church and the other half in some novel or two. She may even though few curtains and carpets and whole weary gowns are a crying need in the household.

ment in the south. She sends out helpful notes to the northern suffrage societies and offer petitions in the state assemblies, but the popular voice is against her, and sometimes it comes out that the women's suffrage associations of the south are so much talked about, have membership insufficient to furnish the necessary officers.

Gin Cucurbita (Watermelon Gin) with hypocynicrites. The Great Kidney and Bladder Cure. apr25 sun tues thu

"Dead Stick" for bugs. Used by U. S. government. A liquid insect powder. Won't stain. may15-18t

[illegible]

RADWAY'S PILLS,

Always Reliable, Purely Vegetable

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, purgative, regulate, purify, cleanse and strengthen. Radway's Pills for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Dyspepsia, Vertigo, Constipation, Piles, Sick Headache, Female Complaints, Biliousness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Constipation, and All Disorders of the Liver.

Observe the following symptoms, resulting from diseases of the digestive organs: Constipation, inward piles, fullness of blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, distention of the stomach, eructations, sinking or fluttering of the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pain in the head, tendency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, chest, limbs, and sudden flushes of heat, burning in the feet.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above named disorders.

Price 25c a box. Sold by druggists or sent by mail.

Send to DR. RADWAY & CO., lock box 55, New York, for book of advice.

ATTRACTIONS

AT THE

STEVENS AUCTION TODAY

CUT GLASS

AND

FRENCH CHINA

Sale Commences at 10 A. M.

there's

only

one

thing that you need for that chronic

kidney complaint—

"phosphate gin"

the great healer—equally good for

distress of the stomach and urinary

troubles. try it.

Thousands of voluntary testimon-

ials prove its worth. be sure to

get the genuine—in round bottles

gin phosphate remedy co.

atlanta.

distributed by

"b & h."

atlanta.

and Whiskey Habits

cured at home with-

out pain. Book of par-

ticulars sent FREE.

R. M. WOLLEY, M.D.

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Cook's Vacation Tours, 1897.

(PERSONALLY CONDUCTED.)

Land of the Midnight Sun, June 17.

Chicago—Stockholm Exhibition Tour, June 22.

Pan-Artistic Study Tour, June 26.

Arlon Singing Society of Brooklyn, July 1.

Ministers' Tour, July 12.

International Medical Congress Tour, Mos-

cow, July 23.

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GEO. S. MAY, Agent,

Thos. Cook & Son,

And all of the S. S. Lines.

may 21-im-tri-sun-tues

EXPERT and Scientific Treat-

ment can be obtained of one

who has had 20 years' experience

in the treatment of the following

Private Diseases:

Syphilis, Stricture,

Gonorrhea, Gleet,

Spermatorrhea, Hy-

drocele, Varicose, and

Chronic Blood Poison

in both male and female.

Call on or address

Dr. H. N. Stanley & Co.,

No. 209 Norcross Bldg., 234 Marietta St., Atlan-

a, Ga. All correspondence strictly confidential.

COURT OF FINAL APPEAL.

When a case is referred to a court

of final appeal its decision is irrev-

ocable. When you have lost all

hope, in your own case, of being

cured of Rheumatism or any dis-

ease caused by impure blood, try

Africana.

Africana cures positively.

Africana cures permanently.

Africana cures perfectly.

Africana cures quickly.

Read what a prominent Atlanta Broker

writes:

AFRICANA COMPANY:

I was attacked with Rheumatism in my

feet and knee joints, was induced to try

Africana, and after using five bottles as

prescribed and not using any other remedy

or treatment during use of AFRICANA. I now

regard myself as free from Rheumatism. Yours

truly,

J. M. FOWLER.

PETER LYNCH,

95 Whitehall and 7 Mitchell Streets

Dealer in Foreign and Domestic

Wines, Liquors, Cigars and To-

baccos, Hardware, Guns, Pistols,

Cartridges and Ammunition;

Field and Garden Seeds in their

seasons. A Perfect Variety Store.

Orders from city and country

promptly filled at lowest market

price. Terms cash.

BILL ARP AND BIKES

Sage of Barlow Soliloquizes on the Cycles

and Cyclists.

TAKES A TRIP TO CAROLINA.

Findo that Maids and Matrons There

Take Daily Rides on their Glis-

tering Steel Steeds.

The bicycle has come to stay—at least

until there is something better. Prejudice

is passing away. I confess that I had it,

but I am cautious nowadays and made no

use of it. Somewhere I don't know

where I read that a man who had been

in the habit of riding a bicycle was

found dead in the street. I was in South

Carolina last week and found them every-

where. There were eighty-seven registered

in the town of Blackville and nearly half

of them were used by girls and matrons.

It is a beautiful town, as level as a floor

and the streets look like they have been

planned and sand-papered. The light,

brass is done. From this skilled mechanic

I learned that it cost a man about \$5 a

year to keep his wheel in order and cost a

woman about \$1.50.

"You see," the young men take

more risks and ride over the cross-ties on

the railroad track but the girls are more

prudent and careful. Oh, no, it does not

cost one-tenth as much to keep a wheel in

order as it does to feed a horse. With

careful usage a good wheel ought to last

ten years, but the improvements come so

quick and fast that the old style soon be-

comes antiquated and is sold for half

price and a new one bought. Like the sewing

machines, the price will soon come

down as the patents run out and then a

good wheel can be bought for \$20 or \$40.

My next stop was at Bamberg, a live

town on the South Carolina road, and the

first thing that greeted me was a bicycle

parade and then a tournament.

Riders and wheels were all decorated. Some

of the men were in fantastic array; the

wheels were adorned with gay colors of

ribbon and fancy paper. The company was

very strong and had its officers, who gave

command "Right wheel, forward roll, evo-

lute, speed wheel, round the bend, wheels

queen, slow up, dismount, salute your

queen," etc. There were some young ladies

in the procession and some men in female

garb, but it took no Solomon to divine

their sex. Bamberg is an old town made

over, renewed and invigorated by the

day and night in a large cotton mill near

by. This mill has brought good schools

and artesian wells and new hotels and

business and many houses. It is a

little after dark by that eastern time

and I had hardly got rested in the depot

before the street car came rolling down

without a passenger. What an idea I was,

but nobody told me and I did not know

I would have been left for \$10. But just

thought of it, I left at 6 o'clock and reached

Atlanta at 12 o'clock—261 miles in six hours,

forty-three miles an hour, including stop-

pages. This was the fastest traveling I

ever did in my life. I visited another

town that is just taking on its second

growth. St. George is a lovely little

place that has recently been made a county

seat and the people are proud, very proud.

They are preparing to build a courthouse

and expect that factories and street cars

and waterworks and gas lights will soon

follow.

"But right now," said my friend, "we

have a town full of the prettiest girls in

the South. Yes, his wife is in Europe

and every girl looks sweet to him. I learned

that the town was named for a clever

old settler by the name of George, but how

he came to be canonized into a saint I

do not know. I met a fellow there—a

cousin of Evan. He is editor, postmaster

and general factotum and a rebel to the

core. Our own Dr. H. Freeman, of Carters-

ville, another editor, has been in the town

to the youngest soldier of the confederacy,

but Howell pushes him very close, for he

ran away when he was fifteen years old

and fought at Vicksburg and Chickama-

uga and then got into hospital at

Rome and Dr. Miller took pity on the

BEARDESS SICK BOY AND CARED FOR HIM TWO

MONTHS AT HIS OWN HOME AND THEN SENT

HIM HOME TO HIS MOTHER.

But Barnwell, old time-honored Bar-

well, quiet, peaceful Barnwell, gave me

the most royal welcome. Those good peo-

ple are not in a hurry about anything

except once a year and that is on the race

track. They trot around that and talk

politics and discuss Tullmanism and the

dispensary on the way. What fine old

gentlemen I met. A ripe scholar, than

Colonel Simons, a son of William Gilmer

Simons, can hardly be found. A handsome

man and a pleasant and earnest talker.

Then there was ex-Governor Haygood.

General Haygood, the hero of Petersburg,

His solid, massive, benevolent face made an

impression on me that will endure as long

as I endure. But who would have thought

of finding there a brother of Mrs. Lincoln—

Dr. Todd, a leading physician and surgeon,

a friend to the south; a lifelong democrat.

He has dwelled there ever since the

war commands the respect of that

people. I knew his younger brother, who

was an untutored rebel and was an aid

de camp on Joe Johnston's staff. It is not

singular that all the good scholars and

loyal to the south during the struggle.

I remember that one of her nieces

presented a flag to the Selma Guards when

they started to "Virginia." The younger

Lincolns' kindred were all traitors and

guilty of treason.

But I am home again and happy—not

that I was unhappy while away, but a

feeling of rest and repose comes over me

here that I cannot find abroad. I would

never leave home if there was not a

pressure of necessity and I count the days

and the hours when I shall return.

There has been another birthday in the

family and I was bound to be here. My

wife, Mrs. Arp, shall not close her sixty-

third year without my presence. It is all

over now—the morning kiss and a ten

dollar bill slipped under her breakfast

plate was the best I could do and I don't

know how much more I could do. I don't

know how much more I could do. I don't

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